

6293112  
1879

# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1846

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1879, by the Publisher of THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. XXXIV.—No. 85.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1879.

Price Ten Cents



A YOUNG HEROINE'S ENCOUNTER WITH A TRAMP—MISS CARRIE ROBERTS DISCOVERING A TRAMP ENGAGED IN ROBBING HER EMPLOYER'S HOUSE WHILE LEFT ALONE IN CHARGE OF IT. COURAGEOUSLY ATTACKS THE MARAUDER, SINGLE-HANDED, WOUNDS HIM WITH A REVOLVER AND COMPELS HIM TO DROP HIS BOOTY AND BEAT A HASTY RETREAT, NEAR MONROE, OHIO.—See Page 11.





RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.

Office: 2, 4 & 6 Reade Street, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1879.

#### Terms of Subscription.

One copy, one year.....\$4.00  
One copy, six months.....2.00  
One copy, three months.....1.00  
Single copies.....Ten Cents  
To Clubs a liberal discount will be allowed.  
Postage FREE to all subscribers in the United States.  
Subscriptions, communications and all business letters must be addressed to the publisher, 2, 4 and 6 Reade street, (P. O. Box 40) New York City.  
All letters containing money should be sent by registered letter or Post Office money order.  
Newsdealers can be supplied with GAZETTES on sale by American News Company or any of their branches.

#### To Artists and Photographers.

We solicit sketches of noteworthy occurrences from persons of artistic ability in all parts of the United States. We also invite photographers in every section of the Union to forward us photographs of interesting events and of individuals prominently concerned in them. The matter should be forwarded to us at the earliest possible moment after the occurrence, and, if acceptable, will be liberally paid for. Persons capable of producing such sketches, as well as photographers throughout the country, are respectfully requested to send name and address to this office. This will on no occasion be published, unless desired, but is simply held as a guarantee of good faith.

#### Answers to Correspondents.

ROBINSON, Chico, Cal.—Account previously published.  
W. S. W., Louisville, Ky.—See account published elsewhere.  
B. F. H., Morales, Texas.—Have already published account of the affair.  
B. F. P., New Albany, Ind.—That sort of matter is of no use whatever to us.  
F. B. T., Bridgeport.—Could not find room for illustration this week; thanks for the attention.  
T. W. H., Williams, Pa.—Portraits and account will appear in our next; arrived too late for this issue.  
HALFORD, Atlanta, Ga.—Will forward check for five dollars for sketch on receipt of it, if as you describe.  
C. H. W., Evansville, Ind.—Have published brief mention of the affair. Further by mail regarding other matter.  
R. D. T., Union City, Ind.—Portrait published in this issue. Will communicate with you on the subject by mail.  
A. J. H., Beebe, Ark.—Items enclosed had been used; thanks for attention all the same. Have attended to the matter in question.  
F. R., Martinsville, Ill.—Have no space for casualties unless attended by more sensational circumstances than is the case in this instance.  
WILLIAM MEYER, Chicago.—Have sent you check for twenty dollars, in payment for sketches, etc., furnished. Please acknowledge receipt.  
CRAYON, St. Louis.—Yes, if the drawing is accepted should not consider five dollars, or even ten, if it is entirely satisfactory, too much to pay you for it.  
\*L. A. B., Lake City, Mich.—The matter will be fully illustrated in our next. Please notify your newsdealers and others interested in the affair to that effect.  
J. N. G., Lafayette, Ind.—Matter arrived too late, will probably appear in our next issue. Send us sketch of the occurrence and photos in time for our next issue.  
G. McN., Nashville, Tenn.—Send us specimens of your work and we can then give an idea what it will be worth to us. How can you expect us to give an answer as it stands?  
F. A. S., Vicksburg, Miss.—Portrait crowded out this week. Will appear in our next; will send check for amount. Full account of the occurrence was published in our preceding issue.  
A. N. T., Cheyenne, W. T.—Cannot remit anything, for the reason that when your communication arrived we had already published an edition containing the portraits and a much fuller account than that which you inclose.  
T. A. B., San Francisco, Cal.—Portraits appear; circulars sent you. Procure us sketch and photos in relation to other matter if possible. You understand what we want—merely correct outlines of locality. Further by mail.  
J. G. C., Ogden, Utah.—The circumstances came to us very straight and tallied so well with previous accounts of a somewhat similar nature by parties of undoubted reliability that we could not well doubt the truth of the matter.  
G. H., Atlanta, Ga.—We could not afford to give any extended report of the matter. Unless it was of a very peculiar character and such as to excite universal interest, a very brief condensation would be all that we could publish of it.  
M. A. X., Giddings, Tex.—Items too old. We can publish nothing further back than date of preceding issue, unless the occurrence is beyond the reach of modern facilities for communication, or is attended by other exceptional circumstances.  
MARC, Leadville, Col.—Have written you to the address given. Should you have changed your location and the letter not be forwarded to you, send there for it. See portrait in this issue. Send us any further matters in that line that may come in your way.  
R. R. F., Elmira, N. Y.—Cannot make use of fancy sketches; can get them up much better in our office. Had you given a mere rude sketch of the actual scene of the occurrence even, or of the locality, should have been glad to have had it. That which is sent is of no possible value to us.  
A. M. G., Kingston, N. Y.—The affair is altogether of too prosaic and ordinary a matter to warrant us in publishing the portraits of the parties. You place quite too high an estimate upon the value of what you have sent, which in no one instance has possessed more than merely a local interest.

#### OUR NEW STORY.

In our next issue we shall commence the publication of the new original story, announced last week, written expressly for the POLICE GAZETTE, by the well-known and popular author, Bracebridge Hemming, Esq. (Jack Harkaway). Its title is "Left Her Home; or, The Trials and Temptations of a Poor Girl," and we can unhesitatingly promise our readers that they will find it one of the most powerful pen pictures and vivid delineations of New York life they have ever perused. It depicts in strong colors and unmistakable contrast the distinctive forms of virtue and vice, illustrating the selfish heartlessness of many of the so-called representative society people of the metropolis, as well as portraying the numberless hidden perils to which unprotected youth and innocence is exposed in a great city. The author's name, through the immense popularity of the delightful "Jack Harkaway" stories, has become a household word throughout the land, and it is scarcely necessary to assure our readers of a treat in anything from his pen, even if they were not already familiar with his quality through the fascinating story contributed by him to our columns at a comparatively recent date. We need but state that the forthcoming story is fully equal to any of his previous efforts, and fully worthy of his extended reputation, and we advise one and all not to miss the opening chapters, which we have no doubt will insure their entire attention to its completion.

#### INEFFICIENT PROTECTORS.

Numerous complaints reach us from time to time from citizens of Mott Haven and Morrisania, Thirty-third precinct, of the utter inefficiency of police protection in that section of the city. No less than three burglaries of so daring a character as to seem to indicate that the thieving fraternity do not take the idea of police interference into their calculations at all when operating in that vicinity, have been committed within a short distance of each other within one week. One of these, noted in another column, was of such a character as to cause the residents of the neighborhood to ask themselves wherein such protection is better than no protection, with a strong conviction in answer that a bit of vigorous vigilance committee business on their part for a few nights would do more towards making them secure in respect to both person and property than all the police service they are granted is likely to effect in a term of years. It is not improbable, indeed, that some such step will yet receive a popular endorsement as the present state of insecurity is felt to be near the point of being unendurable, and if a remedy for such a wretched inefficiency of police service cannot be found by the authorities for the protection of citizens who pay heavily enough for such service, Heaven knows, to be entitled to the most effective system that human judgment can provide, we doubt if citizens of more favored localities would criticise them very harshly if they should be goaded into taking the law in their own hands in some very summary manner.

Another very aggravating feature in this connection is the indifference of the detectives. Persons who have suffered from these fearless burglars and sneak-thieves, complain that they can obtain no satisfaction; that their statements are received with a languid indifference, which tells them only too plainly that the public-salaried detective is not going to trouble himself about a matter which is simply in the ordinary line of the duty which he is paid to do and which promises nothing either in the way of a good fee or of a newspaper puff, which he may use to his advantage. The fact is that the detectives, as a rule, seem to be utterly oblivious to the fact that the public pays them for attending to these very matters and it is a grave defect in the system, as exhibited in this city, that any failure to present evidence of at least having worked up such cases to the utmost extent of the clues, does not stand as a reproach to the derelict detective. How far such is from being the case no New Yorker of average information concerning the workings of the official machinery of his city needs to be informed.

On the contrary the idea that the public is one thing and the individual an entirely distinct consideration as regards his obligations, and that the latter is bound to pay him for doing his duty, is too firmly wedged in the mind of the typical detective to be wrenched loose by any shaking-up force short of an earthquake in the department.

The citizens of the locality in question should make a united and vigorous demand upon the authorities that their attention be directed to it. A very little effort on their part would speedily mitigate the evils complained of. Crowds of corner loungers are to be seen congregated, at almost any hour of the day or night, at various points in the precinct, the least of whose offenses is the insulting of respectable passers-by. Among these fellows are numerous individuals at whom one has only to glance to be assured that they are capable of any crime that does not present too great a risk to their own worthless bodies. In these corner congregations, or in the adjacent saloons of doubtful repute,

are undoubtedly concocted many of the criminal schemes we are so frequently called upon to chronicle. The character of these people is or should be known to every policeman, who is fit to occupy the position, whose beat they infest, and any detective of ordinary intelligence should find it an easy matter to become acquainted with their habits and haunts. The tax-payers of the precinct are waiting with extreme interest to see if the police authorities consider it worth while to order their subordinates to acquire a little of this useful information, with a view to their better protection.

#### THE ST. LOUIS OFFICIAL SCANDALS.

St. Louis appears to be suffering from an attack of the same disease that seems to be an accompaniment of rapid growth in American cities, namely, official corruption. Some weeks since, we published an account of the charges brought against a member of the Board of Police Commissioners and a Judge of the Criminal Court, much to the astonishment and consternation of good St. Louisians who had had far less experience with the disease than the more effete cities of the East. The sensation has been intensified recently by its report to the Criminal Court, made after an unusually long session and what has evidently been a very thorough consideration such as the gravity of the case demanded, of the Grand Jury.

The jury finds a strong chain of circumstantial evidence in connection with the Missouri State Lottery against James C. Nidelet, the former member of the Board of Police Commissioners alluded to—though it is stated to be too indefinite to act upon—and ex-Judge Jones, formerly of the Criminal Court of that city. Against the latter the report charges, with no indirectness, that, while in his position upon the bench, he frequently placed himself under pecuniary obligations to persons accused of crime before his court, and that he frequently borrowed money from men who were either defendants in criminal cases in his court or well known to the police as criminals, some of whom have even boasted of their "influence" in the court. A rather mild way of bringing a charge of bribery of the most detestable and demoralizing description, and one which struck at the welfare of society at a most vital point, it must be admitted. Still the facts as given are so palpable and damning that a charge is altogether superfluous. The bare statement is accusatory enough, in all conscience, and St. Louis may well congratulate herself that such a corrupt judge, who was, if half of what is alleged against him be true, a far more dangerous criminal than the vast majority of forlorn wretches who have trembled before him as the august representative of the majesty of justice. It only remains to hope that his resignation from the place he has so outrageously disgraced will not avail to save him from being made a distinguished example to individuals of similar inclinations, similarly misplaced, throughout the country.

#### Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]  
Miss Ada Cavendish, whose portrait, in the charming character of *Rosalind*, in Shakespeare's delightful comedy of "As You Like It," of which she is decidedly one of the very best representatives on the English-speaking stage of our day, is added to our gallery of "Favorites of the Footlights" this week, is an English actress who came to this country last season, heralded by a first-class reputation won upon the stage of her native land.

Her first appearance on this side of the Atlantic was at the Broadway Theatre, last season, in the "Geneva Cross." She has played numerous engagements since and has become a well-known and prominent figure upon our stage, fully sustaining throughout the excellent report which preceded her. The fact that she was offered an engagement for the season as leading lady, at Wallack's Theatre, affords quite a fair test of the esteem in which her professional talent is held on the metropolitan boards, she declining to appear in other capacity than that of a "star." She will shortly commence a star engagement at Wallack's during the supplementary season, under the management of Mr. Theodore Moss, the well-known treasurer of that popular theatre.

#### The Mauck Tragic Horror.

[With Portrait.]  
A terrible tragedy, of which we have previously given the details, shocked the citizens of Harrison county, Indiana, on the 12th ult. About four o'clock on the morning of that day David Mauck a small farmer of that county, returned to his home, and, while his wife was asleep in bed, attacked her with the poll of an ax, crushing in her skull in a terrible manner. A young woman, named Sallie E. Vaughn, living in the family, aroused by the shrieks of the victim of this murderous assault, rushed into the room and begged the cowardly assassin for mercy upon the poor wife. The wretch, incensed at being interrupted in his bloody work, at once turned upon her, seized a piece of heavy oak timber, and beat her in a frightful manner, fracturing her skull and leaving her for dead. He then made his escape, and at last accounts had not been arrested. Authentic portraits of the fiendish assassin and his victims are given on another page.

#### Miss Eva Roberts, Victim of the Gifford, Ia., Tragedy.

[With Portrait.]  
We publish, elsewhere, an authentic portrait of Miss Eva Roberts, the details of whose murder by her

lover, John Bell, and the suicide of the latter at Gifford, Iowa, were given in a preceding issue. Miss Roberts, a handsome and accomplished young lady, of unquestionable reputation and supposed piety, a leading member of her church choir, was engaged to Bell, who appears to have been devotedly attached to her. "Rev." John Haughworth, an Advent "evangelist," appeared in Gifford some six weeks ago, started a revival, and soon had all the impressive females of the place wild with religious fervor, or something else. His attention to Miss Roberts aroused Bell's jealousy, and he watched the pair. He opened a letter from Miss Roberts to the "pastor," and satisfied himself that the woman to whom he had pledged his troth had been seduced by this reverend wolf in sheep's clothing. On Miss Roberts's return from a trip, which Bell discovered she had taken with the preacher as man and wife, he asked her to take a walk with him along the railroad track, shot her through the heart, and then killed himself.

#### Fastidious About His Execution.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., April 30.—Robert Anderson was sentenced in the Circuit Court to-day to be hanged June 27 next for the murder of his wife. The prisoner was calm. Before the opening of the court he handed the following to Judge Jackson:

"OFFICE COUNTY JAIL, March 29, 1879.

"To W. L. JACKSON, Judge of the Circuit Court:

"SIR—If hard fate should so rule that I be denied a new trial, and the sentence of the law has to be passed upon me, may I ask Your Honor to order me executed within the jail yard. I have a great horror and revolt at the thought of being publicly executed. Hence I pray Your Honor to grant me the above request, and in duty bound will ever pray. Respectfully submitted.

ROBERT ANDERSON."

The letter, Judge Jackson said, would be filed and submitted to the Executive. After reading an opinion overruling the motion for a new trial Anderson was told to stand up. When the Judge asked him if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him, he replied in substance:

"Your Honor, I admit that three days' previous to the killing I had been drinking, and had been advised by my wife not to go out. I did not go out until eleven o'clock that day, and was gone but a short time. I do not know how the affair occurred. When I swung my wife over on the bed she must have fallen on a fork which was in it, and one of the prongs entered the back of the neck; and if the doctors had testified truly they would have said that the wounds were in the back of the neck. I declare before God that I did not cut her."

Judge Jackson—You were well defended and had a fair trial.

Anderson—I have no malice or hatred toward any one.

Judge Jackson then sentenced Anderson to be hanged by the neck on Friday, the 27th of June, and urged him to prepare for the awful doom which awaited him. Anderson was pale from his long imprisonment, and was slightly agitated during the time that the sentence was being pronounced upon him.

#### Thomas Murphy, a Fugitive Murderer.

[With Portrait.]

On the 28th of February, 1872, John McCauley was shot through the heart and instantly killed by one Thomas Murphy, in a dispute over a game of cards in a saloon on Third avenue. Murphy made his escape and up to the present time has baffled all efforts for his capture. It has been ascertained that after committing the murder he succeeded in finding his way to Ireland, where he remained for some time. He afterwards returned to this country, however, but has been successful so far in so covering up his tracks as to be able to elude the grasp of the law, though he is believed to be at present living in the northern part of Ohio. Detective M. F. Shelley, of the general office, has the case in hand. A portrait of Murphy appears on another page. He is described as thirty-five years of age, five feet seven inches in height, dark brown hair, dark red chin whiskers and gray eyes. He is known to have been looking for work around railroad depots, having been previously engaged in that capacity.

#### An Odorous Capitol Scandal.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 29.—The Capitol Police Board, Architect Clark and Sergeants-at-Arms Bright and Thompson are engaged in an investigation of charges which have recently been filed by ex-Lieut. Phelan against Captain S. S. Blackford and Lieut. George S. Smith, of the Capitol Police Force. Mr. Blackford is charged with allowing immoral transactions to go on in the Capitol building, and Mr. Smith with general negligence in performing his duties. The investigation is being conducted with closed doors and a strict injunction of secrecy has been placed upon the members of the Board, not because of its importance, but owing to the nature of the inquiries which are necessary to obtain information of all the facts in connection with the case. The affair is considered by members of the Board to be nothing more than a blackmailing scheme, and they are of opinion that the charges cannot be proven.

#### A Demoniac African's Sentence.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., April 30.—Charles Webster was sentenced to be hanged to-day. He is a colored man, and was the accomplice of George Washington (colored), who was hung last February for an outrage upon Frances Otte, a girl of twelve years of age.

McElvoy, the Chicago printer, who is in the penitentiary at Lincoln, Nebraska, and sentenced to be hanged on the 20th of June, has won the sympathy of his jailers and the community at large. A very strong effort is being made to secure a commutation of the death-sentence to life imprisonment. He is only twenty years of age.



## A BOOMING SCANDAL.

The Singular Infatuation of a St. Louis Woman of Wealth and position for a Wandering Vagrant.

## QUITE A NATURAL RESULT.

The Tramp Proves an Ingrate, Repays Her Generosity with Treachery, Abuse and Robbery, and Her Affection

## BY AN ATTEMPT TO MURDER HER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

St. Louis, Mo., April 25.—A tragedy was enacted this morning in the boarding-house, 1118 Locust street, occupied and presided over by Mr. Christ Locke. The would-be murderer is an individual named William O. Smith, who claims to be a resident of Indianapolis, and his victim is a woman named A. N. Sterling, who is a well-known resident of Summerfield, Ill., a town twenty-eight miles from St. Louis. At fifteen minutes past eleven o'clock Dr. Hopkins, who was seated in the parlor of the house, was aroused from his reading by loud talking and scuffling in the front hall. Rushing out, the physician saw Smith with a knife in hand slashing at the woman's head. Blood was spurting from gaping wounds in the throat, and her left ear was cut in two. Dr. Hopkins sprang at Smith, and, after a tussle, succeeded in disarming the man. In the meantime Mrs. Locke, the landlady of the house, heard the noise, and came out just in time to see Dr. Hopkins disarming Smith and the wounded woman rushing out of the front door with blood flowing in streams from

## THE WOUNDS IN HER THROAT.

Mrs. Locke ran after the wounded woman, seized her by the arm and brought her back into the house. When asked why he had tried to kill the woman, Smith answered: "Why, what have I done? I did not know I had a knife." Hopkins says that when his attention was first drawn to the couple in the hall, Smith was trying to get the woman to go up-stairs to his room, and she refused. The talk grew louder, and then the scuffling commenced. Mrs. Sterling's wounds were dressed, and she was removed to the house of an acquaintance, Mrs. Bantz, 2,000 Olive street, where she lies, hovering between life and death.

The Sterling family is one of the best-known and most respectably connected in the city. Mr. A. N. Sterling was formerly a resident of St. Louis, and a member of the law firm of Sterling & Sterling, attorneys at law. He left the city about a year ago to embark in business at Globe City, Arizona, leaving his wife here.

Mrs. Sterling was a pleasant woman, and had a large number of friends, with some of whom she remained several weeks after her husband's departure, and then suddenly grew tired of city life and moved out into the country to a large farm which she owned near Summerfield, Ill. After her removal to the country her friends did not see her except at rare intervals, when she visited the city, and as time passed on she was finally comparatively forgotten. Mrs. Sterling had been on the farm several months, when, one hot day during the harvest in grain, a tired, dirty, ragged tramp

## APPLIED AT HER DOOR FOR WORK.

Mrs. Sterling referred him to the foreman of the farm, and, as hands were needed, this tramp who gave his name as Smith, was employed. He worked well and began to spruce up considerably after he had been at work a short time, and turned out to be a very good-looking man. What is more, he began to pay little attentions to Mrs. Sterling, and surprising as it may seem, she seemed pleased with the fellow.

He was about twenty-six years old, and she turning the ripe age of forty. He continued his attention, growing more bold every day, and the woman accepted with pleasure. This state of affairs had not existed a great while before the foreman of the farm was told that his services were no longer needed. The tramp, who had now Mrs. Sterling's good will, was installed as foreman at the Summerfield farm. About this time Mr. Sterling returned home on a visit. His wife seemed greatly pleased to meet him. He returned to the far west, entirely ignorant of the true state of affairs at Summerfield, Mrs. Sterling and the tramp, Smith, growing more intimate every day. Smith metamorphosed himself into a gentleman with money which Mrs. Sterling furnished him with freely, but still with not as much liberality as he desired. In September the pair began to

## QUARREL ABOUT THE MONEY.

The quarrel and Smith's demands for more money grew to be of frequent occurrence, and at last a bitter quarrel resulted in a threat from Smith to kill Mrs. Sterling. She had him arrested, but his lawyer got him released on some technicality, and he and Mrs. Sterling relapsed into intimacy once more, but in a short time afterward Smith was arrested again, and this time for stealing a watch and chain. Smith got out of this by some means, but it appears that his suspicious actions set Mrs. Sterling against him, for she suddenly sold out her personal effects and went to Lebanon to live with some friends named Bennett, at the same time leaving Smith no word as to where she was going. He discovered her within a few days, however, and since then has been more or less intimate with her, living part of the time at Lebanon and spending the rest of his time at Summerfield. He always dressed well, and it was consequently supposed that Mrs. Sterling still furnished him with money. Last Wednesday morning the whilom tramp arrived in St. Louis, and immediately went to the boarding-house at 1118 Locust street. During the same day he met Mrs. Sterling, who had come to St. Louis, and was stopping at 2,000 Olive street.

## THE WOULD-BE ASSAULTIN'S STORY.

The following account of the affair was given by Smith to a reporter. He was standing bare-headed in

his cell smoking a cigar when the representative of the press entered. He was very much down-cast, but not nervous. He kept his eyes on the cell floor, taking now and then a whiff at the cigar. He is perhaps twenty-five years old, about five feet ten inches high, with black beard, heavy black hair that comes well over his forehead, complexion sallow, with bad-looking lines about the cheeks and nose. He wore a new and well-fitting black coat, light pants, and white vest. He was more than ordinarily well dressed, and would be taken for anything but a tramp. His left hand was bloody, and the middle finger had a slight gash fresh made. There was blood upon his shirt-bosom and cuffs, and a few drops on his pants. He is evidently a man of some education, for he spoke both fluently and correctly. In reply to a question he broke out with: "It was Jerry Bennett; he has brought all this on me. He was at the bottom of it all from the very start. He is a farmer, and lives in Illinois, close to Lebanon. I did not intend to strike her;

## IT ALL SEEMS LIKE A DREAM.

God knows I think too much of her to do her any harm. I got to Summerfield, Ill., where she lived, about the 6th of last May. I was from Little Rock, Ark., and my brother was along with me. We stopped at a boarding-house, and as we heard Mrs. Sterling wanted a man to work on her farm we went over there, and I worked two days. I went to Indianapolis, where my folks live. I returned to Summerfield about the 6th of June and went to work for Mrs. Sterling. She had a kind of overseer there on the place, and she soon turned him off and put me in charge of the place. I did the best I could for her, and saved every cent possible for her. I worked for her till the 20th of February, 1879, when I left and went back to Indianapolis, and came here to St. Louis about a month ago. This man Jerry Bennett went over to Mrs. Sterling's soon after I went there to work, and told her I was a desperado. He did all he could against me, and so did the man who was turned off when I went there. They both talked about me to her and tried to injure me. When I met her this morning I asked her to go to my room, and she said she would. Last night I wrote her a note and told her what time to come this morning. She did not come, and about ten o'clock I saw her on the car going down town. I asked her why she did not come and she said she was willing to go anywhere else and talk to me, but

## SHE WOULD NOT GO TO MY ROOM.

I asked her then to get out of the car and go over to the house with me. We got out of the car and walked to my boarding-house, and when we got inside the door I asked her to go up-stairs, and she refused. I asked her if she believed the lies they had been telling her about me, and she said she did not. Then I asked her again to go to my room, and she would not, so I struck her. Just as soon as I saw what I had done I would have killed myself if I could.

I did not think what I was doing. She knows I think too much of her. This he kept repeating over and over, ejaculating every now and then, "Oh, my God, my God."

The extensive acquaintance of the Sterlings, and their long residence in the city, tends to give to this sensational crime increased interest.

Mrs. Sterling's condition was deemed so critical that she was allowed to make an ante-mortem statement.

She protested that there had never been any criminal relationship between herself and Smith, but claimed that he had terrorized her by threatening to make her friends and absent husband believe her guilty of adultery, and that he had made use of these threats to get money. His last effort has been to force her to sign a check for \$4,000. On the other hand, Smith asserted that the woman

## HAD BEEN HIS MISTRESS.

When the question was put to him directly whether there was criminal intimacy between himself and Mrs. Sterling, he replied unhesitatingly that there was, and assigned the 4th of July last as the date of the commencement of their illicit relations, stating that it occurred while they were in the apple orchard together looking after some fruit and seeing about some work she wanted done; that this criminality had been frequently repeated since, and that they had often occupied the same room together. He claimed that he was angry at Bennett for trying, as he supposed, to supplant him in Mrs. Sterling's affections. He said that after the trouble between them which led to her discharging him, he met her in the road one day and had a talk with her. She told him he must go away, and she would sell out and come to him. At another time when she had had him arrested for breaking open a door and taking some things away, as stated above, after the case was dismissed she asked him to get in her buggy with her and drive down the street, as she wanted to let people know she was not ashamed of him, and

## THAT SHE WAS SORRY FOR WHAT SHE HAD DONE.

He refused, when she took the reins out of his hand and they drove down town together by the crowd on the corner.

He did not go back to her house to live, but was there several times afterward. One day, he said, when she told him that Bennett was watching for him and warned him to be careful about coming about the house, he said he would go away and never come back. She begged him not to talk that way, and persuaded him not to go away from her for good. He had intended, he said, to go back to his wife.

"But," suggested the correspondent, "she tempted you and led you astray?"

"She did," was the reply; "if it hadn't been for her, in the first place, I would have been all right."

"Did she prompt you to partake of the forbidden fruit in the orchard?"

"She led me on. I wouldn't have done it if it hadn't been for her. I don't claim to be virtuous, but it was her fault."

John Williams will be hung 30th inst., for the murder of Howard Holzclaw, near Warrenton Junction, Virginia.

## SNARED BY A SCOUNDREL.

Villainous Plot for the Systematic Ruin of an Innocent Young Girl which a Well-known Contractor and Supposed Respectable Citizen of Louisville is Charged with having Consummated under Circumstances of the most Atrocious Brutality.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., April 26.—On the 15th inst., the following article appeared in the *Courier-Journal* of this city.

About four or five weeks ago a well-known and highly-respected family living in the western portion of the city were thrown into excitement by the disappearance of a beautiful daughter just ripening into womanhood. Her disappearance was of that mysterious nature that baffled every endeavor to track or discover her. The anxious father and brothers did not quit the search, however, but, fearing that she was still in the city in some disreputable house, continued to work diligently and quietly in pursuit of her. Finally a few nights ago a young man, a friend of the family, called at the house of Rosa Bailey, on an alley between Market and Jefferson, and above Clay street. While there he found out that the young lady in question was boarding at a well-known house on Main street, above Jackson, and that her board was being paid at the house by a well-known west-end contractor.

For the sake of the family it was at first deemed desirable that the names of the parties concerned should not be published, but it is impossible to suppress them longer.

That of the lady referred to is Miss Lillie Mills. The man's name is John Gleason, a contractor, who has been arrested upon a warrant sworn out by Robert Mills.

## CHARGING HIM WITH OUTRAGING HIS DAUGHTER.

Mr. Mills is about fifty-three years of age, was a veteran in the Mexican war, and has been for many years foreman at James Bridgeford & Co.'s, where he is highly esteemed by every member and attaché of the extensive firm. His reputation throughout the city, and he is wisely known, is that of an honorable, fair-minded, good-hearted, industrious man.

Mr. Mills, when speaking to a reporter of his daughter, strong man as he is, could not refrain from giving vent to his emotions in broken sobs; nor was it possible for one to witness his uncontrollable grief without being visibly affected. He speaks of Gleason in the bitterest terms, saying that had it not been for the advice of his (Mills') best friends his life's journey would have been cut short many days ago.

Mr. Mills' lawyer gives the following account of the matter. Said the lawyer: "Fifteen months ago no happier family than that of Bob Mills lived within the city of Louisville. That happiness has been forever destroyed and blotted out by this man, John Gleason. I have never known anything so diabolically and systematically worked as the plan he pursued in bringing about that poor unfortunate girl's ruin. He ought and shall be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law." He then told the reporter Miss Mills' story, from which it seems that she first met Gleason some time in May, or June, 1877, when he was introduced by a mutual friend. From the first meeting he evinced unrestrained admiration for Miss Mills, who was then about seventeen years of age, and well known as one of the

## MOST BEAUTIFUL AND FASCINATING OF HER SEX.

He gained her consent to call, and in a short time became a frequent and regular visitor at her father's house. For three months these visits were continued, during which period Gleason made no improper advances toward the lady, only expressing in every look and action his unbounded admiration for her. Some time in August, and about three months after their first meeting, Gleason, who had by this time visibly impressed the unsuspecting lady by his uniform tenderness, gained her consent to accompany him upon a buggy ride.

About five o'clock in the afternoon of the day in question he drove up to her door, smiling and conversing in a pleasant manner, and giving no evidence of his nefarious design. Miss Mills, with the utmost confidence, took her seat by the side of the alleged plotter of her ruin.

The day was warm and sultry, and Gleason suggested a ride a few miles in the country. They sped smoothly along the pleasant road, the unsuspecting girl being in the best of spirits, and chatting gayly all the time to her companion, little dreaming of what was to follow. For some distance out the road, Miss Mills does not know how far, they drove until a beautiful wood was reached. Here, it seems, Gleason had located the spot

## WHERE HE WOULD ACCOMPLISH HER RUIN.

Drawing his horse to a standstill, he said, "My horse is suffering greatly from heat and fatigue, suppose I drive over in the shade and let him rest for a few moments."

Miss Mills, not thinking it exactly proper to drive at sunset with a gentleman through a strange wood, at first demurred, but finally yielded to Gleason's importunities, and the horse was driven into the forest about three hundred yards from the road and stopped under the shadow of an immense tree. Here Gleason stepped from the buggy and insisted that Miss Mills also alight. This she refused to do, saying she thought it improper for her even to be in the wood with him, and requested that he at once turn the horse's head and drive out. Then the hitherto pleasant, smiling, solicitous Gleason showed up in different colors, and shamefully and recklessly replied, "G—d—n you; do you suppose I brought you here for nothing?" And with these words he sprang forward, caught firmly hold of her and endeavored to drag her from the buggy. With all her might Miss Mills resisted, and a desperate struggle ensued.

The horse at this moment became frightened at the noise and started to run, when Miss Mills jumped from the vehicle, and was immediately caught firmly in Gleason's arms. She fought against the would-be despoiler with the strength of a mad woman, but at length her struggles became weaker, and, succumb-

ing to Gleason's power, made double by his passion, she stood panting and

## BEGGING FOR HER HONOR.

But he was not to be fooled, and coolly replied that he had brought her there for a purpose, and that purpose he was going to accomplish, and again he attempted to throw her to the ground, heeding not her pleadings and implorings, which momentarily grew weaker, and at length she fell heavily upon the ground, and as the villain started to carry out his design she fainted, and knows no more until returning consciousness showed Gleason standing over her and pouring water from a hat upon her face. She was at length resuscitated, and, without resistance, placed in the buggy and the horse's head turned homeward. As they moved along, Miss Mills rebuked her seducer in the most pitiful terms, saying, through her sobs, that he had disgraced her family, and that she was going to tell her father and brothers the whole story. Upon this Gleason drew a pistol, and placed it at her head, saying, "Tell and I'll blow your brains out." With the reins in one hand and the pistol in the other, Gleason drove all the way to town, stopping in front of her father's gate, where he put her out and left her. Miss Mills went at once to her room, the rest of the family having retired and

## BEGAN WEeping OVER HER RUIN.

She finally divested herself of her garments and found that they were covered with blood. She took the soiled clothes and hid them in the cellar in order that her parents might know nothing of her dishonor. During the whole of that night and for the next two or three days the girl vacillated between telling and not telling her father and brothers how Gleason had outraged her. And finally thinking that if it were to get to their ears Gleason would be killed and the whole family forever disgraced, she determined to bear her sorrow in silence.

About a month after this time Miss Mills was standing at her father's gate one evening when Gleason chanced to pass, and besought her to allow him to resume his visits. Now at this time it appears, and will come out in evidence, that Miss Mills was engaged to be married to a worthy young man, of which fact Gleason was aware, and when he made the above proposition, and was indignantly refused, he told Miss Mills that if she married the young man in question he would easily discover that her virtue had been lost, and, in consequence, would drive her from him and disgrace the family.

Miss Mills was left to believe what Gleason said. He then, under promise of marriage, succeeded in getting the girl again in his power, and finally she yielded to his importunities, and an illicit intimacy sprang up between them until Miss Mills

## FOUND HERSELF IN A DELICATE CONDITION.

Gleason continued putting the unhappy girl off when she besought him to fulfill his promise of marriage, and at length, seeing that her condition would shortly become palpable, she prevailed upon him to take her away from home. This request, about six weeks ago, he complied with, taking her to the residence of a Mrs. Cross, on Portland avenue, where he agreed to pay her board, and where he was accustomed to visit her.

While Miss Mills was here, she determined one day to go home and confess everything. In pursuance of this determination, she paid her home a visit and found no one there. In returning, she walked across the commons and chanced to meet her brother, who happened not to recognize her and did not speak. This threw Miss Mills into the utmost agitation. She thought the whole family had discovered her disgrace and had turned against her. With a heart bowed down, she returned to Mrs. Cross's, from whence she was taken by Gleason to a house on Main street, above Jackson, from thence to Rosa Bailey's, where she was met by her brother and father and taken home, where she now is. Miss Mills, in her whole bearing, gives evidence of

## THE MOST POIGNANT GRIEF AND SUFFERING.

She is now about eighteen years of age. The above is given simply as Miss Mills' own version of the matter but the attorney says that it was given in an exceedingly ingenious manner, and that, in his mind, there was not a doubt of its truth in every particular. He also said that what she had told him was in strict accordance with what she had told Messrs. Huston and Miller. He says there is no doubt a case of rape will be made against Gleason. Up to the time of her ruin, Miss Mills bore an excellent and enviable reputation.

John Gleason, the accused, is about twenty-five years of age. He is the son of Mr. Michael Gleason, an honorable and respected contractor of this city. Gleason has the reputation of being rather a wild young man, but it devolves upon him now to clear himself of the most heinous charge that can be brought against a human being.

Mr. Robert Mills, while conversing with the reporter, charged that Gleason had been accustomed to drive his daughter to different houses of ill-fame, in order to ruin her character.

## An Accommodating Judge.

"It surprises me to see a young man like you here," said Judge Bowker, at Reno, Nev., the other day, to a fellow who had been whooping it over night. "You filled yourself up with an enemy to deprive you of brains," proceeded the court, rearranging its spectacles and glaring at the culprit. "Now, here you are, a young man of intelligence with good clothes on, and doubtless you have a mother and sisters who think a good deal more of you than I do. You've been sent to school and taught how to earn a good living. In return for all this you go screaming around the streets at midnight, tearing down signs and making a wild beast of yourself. Is that like the conduct of a reasonable creature? No, of course it isn't. Now, I'm going to teach you a lesson, young man. You needn't turn pale, for it won't help you any. Have you any chewing tobacco about you? Thankee. Chew more and drink less, like I do. You're discharged. Next time you're tempted to take a drink think of my kindness and weep, and refrain from the debasing habit. Eh? Well, I don't care if I do. Avery, come out and join me with this young gentleman."



### Discovery of a Murdered Brother's Remains.

[Subject of Illustration.]  
Last spring, says the Deer Lodge (Montana) *New Northwest*, Mr. Silas Leonard, of Butte, passed through here on his way to the Yellowstone country, his errand being to discover, if possible, the remains of his brother Joseph, who had been killed by Nez Perce Indians in 1877. The brothers first came to Montana in 1867. Joseph left here for Washington Territory in 1859, but returned to this country in a short time. While in Helena, during the Nez Perce raid he heard that Silas had been killed by Indians. He determined to avenge his death, and in August, 1877, went to General Sturgis and offered his services to that officer as a scout. In bearing dispatches for the General his death occurred, he believing that Silas was also a victim. On hearing of the disappearance of his brother, Silas, who was in Portland, Oregon, came to Montana and started to search for his remains. He went to the Yellowstone country, found that his brother was last seen when leaving the post with dispatches for Sturgis. He commenced his search May 23, and continued it until September 1, when his convictions that his brother had been killed were made positive by discovering his skeleton. He was able to recognize it by the teeth, which were curiously formed and filled in a peculiar manner with gold. He had on his person at the time between \$700 and \$800 in gold coin, which had been taken. His skeleton was found near a clump of willows near the river, and about sixty miles from the Crow Agency. The flesh had evidently been eaten from the bones by wild beasts and the skeleton dragged some distance from where his clothes were found. The latter were in good preservation after having lain so long, and an examination of them showed three bullet holes—one in the leg, another through the hips and still another through the chest. The skull also showed that the scout had been shot through the head.

### A Baby in a Panther's Jaws

[Subject of Illustration.]  
YREKA, Cal., April 16.—Last Thursday evening, about dark, Mr. and Mrs. George Campbell and Dick Mannon were sitting on the porch of the Soda Springs Hotel, at Soda Springs, on the Sacramento river, while Mr. Campbell's little boy, aged about three years, was across the road, about fifty or sixty feet distant, amusing himself by cutting bushes with a little hatchet. Those on the porch were startled and horrified by observing a panther spring upon the child, and at the time supposed he was dangerously injured, which would have been the case, no doubt, had not the child screamed and those on the porch shouted excitedly, which prevented the panther making a deadly spring, as he was evidently watching and fearing the parties on the porch. As it was, the panther seized the child by the chin, one of the tusks of the upper jaw cutting his lip, and one in the lower jaw cutting his neck, while the paw of

the beast struck and scratched him in the breast. The shouting and rushing toward the child by those on the porch caused the panther to make tracks up the mountain speedily, and after picking up the child and examining the wounds inflicted, Mannon returned to the house for his gun, and, following it up the mountain soon dispatched the panther, a hungry lean-looking customer, measuring five feet from tip to tip.

### Fatal Quarrel on Horseback.

[Subject of Illustration.]  
DANVILLE, Va., April 24.—E. W. Palmer, a citizen of this county, was yesterday killed by Dr. Craighead Cabell, a young physician and nephew of Hon. George C. Cabell, who represents this district in Congress. Ca-

bell and Palmer were returning on horseback from Pittsylvania Circuit Court at Chatham, to their homes near Callands, and both were more or less under the influence of liquor. While riding together on the road they got into a dispute about something which led to blows, when Cabell drew his pistol and shot Palmer through the head. The latter reeled and fell from his horse in the road mortally wounded. Cabell then, with the exclamation, "O my God! what have I done?" dismounted and rendered Palmer all the assistance in his power. Two men traveling along the road found Cabell bathing Palmer's head, the latter being in a dying condition. Palmer lingered until last night, when he died, and Cabell was arrested.

He is a popular young physician, well known throughout this section.

### A Giant's Brutal Lust.

KENTON, O., April 26.—On the morning of the 24th, George W. Ross, six feet seven inches tall, and claiming to be from Philadelphia, Pa., was lodged in jail here on the charge of having attempted to rape Miss Nettie Plummer, a well-developed and rather pretty girl sixteen years old, and living with her mother (a widow) at Mt. Victory, this county. The alleged attempt was made on the 17th of April, and it is said he nearly accomplished his purpose when a farmer passing the house heard her outcries for help and went to her assistance. When Ross discovered the man he ran out of the back door and made for the woods. Saturday night, 19th, he was arrested here for drunkenness and disorderly conduct and locked up. Wednesday morning he dug a hole through a foot wall and escaped. In the afternoon Constable Jones, of Mt. Victory, hearing he was here, came after him and found the bird flown, but followed him up and arrested him this side of Patterson, this county. His trial took place at Mt. Victory before Squire Flack, and his bond fixed at \$500. He will have to lay here six months, as there will be no court during the summer.

Much feeling is manifested at Mt. Victory over the matter, and Ross would fare badly if left to the mercy of the citizens of Mt. Victory.

### Daring Bank Robbery.

CLINTON, Ill., April 24.—One of the most daring bank robberies ever known in this section of the country was committed on Scroggs & Sawyer's Bank, of Mt. Pulaski, nineteen miles southwest of this city, last night. At one o'clock Mr. Walter Sawyer heard a knocking at the front door of his residence, and, upon responding, was met by three masked men with pistols, who threatened his life if he uttered a sound. They proceeded to gag him and took him to the bank, where he was made to open the safe; while one watched, the other took \$150 in dimes and nickels which were not deposited in the safe. The safe contained from \$30,000 to \$50,000 in cash and bonds. But, luckily for the owners, they had recently put on a time-lock which could not be opened. The bank was thus saved a wholesale robbery. Mr. Sawyer was left in the bank till morning, when he was discovered and search immediately instituted for the burglars. One of them was left in charge of Sawyer's wife, while the others were robbing the bank.

### Carving Affair Between Tramps.

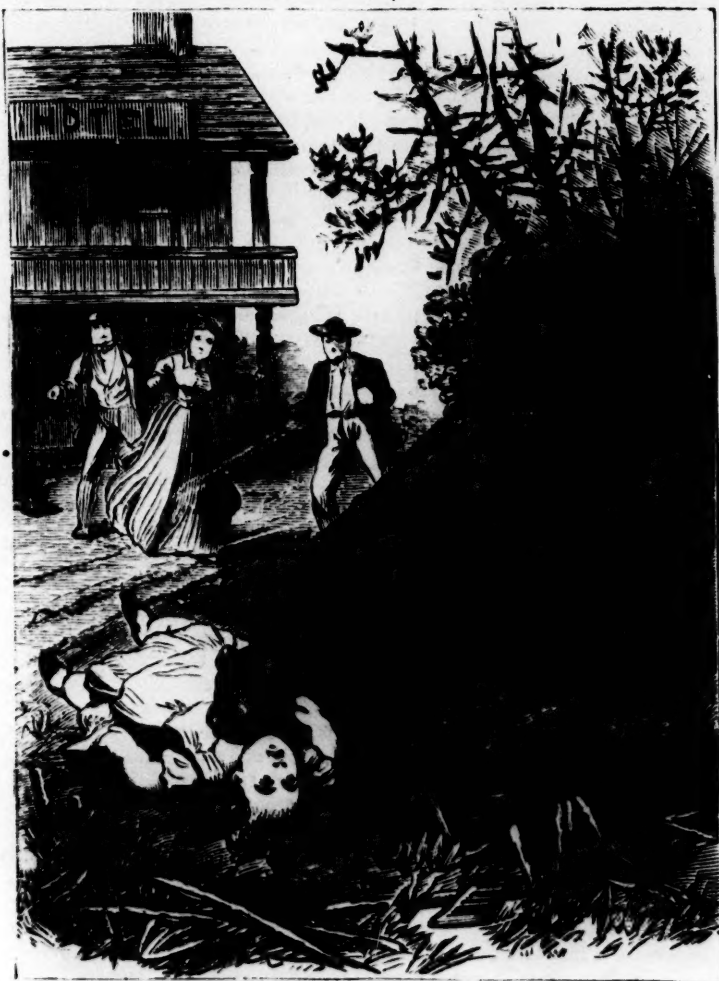
GALESBURG, Ill., April 24.—Two tramps, who gave their names at the station as Henry Cluff and James O'Brien, participated in a terrible fight at an early hour this morning in an empty freight-car belonging to the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad. The quarrel arose from a dispute over who should have the pleasure of resting upon a little straw that was in the car. Both parties are badly cut, one using a knife, the other a razor. The wounds will probably prove fatal to one.

### Ornel Murder by Negroes.

[Subject of Illustration.]  
CINCINNATI, Ohio, April 25.—On Wednesday last, at a point on the Kentucky river eight miles from Nicholasville, Ky., John Preston, a white man, became involved in a quarrel with two negroes, one of whom shot him with a musket. Preston then jumped into the river to escape, whereupon the negroes threw a rock striking him on the head, when he sank. A large posse are searching for the negroes.

### Shooting a Female Burglar.

[Subject of Illustration.]  
JEFFERSONVILLE, Ind., April 26.—This morning about two o'clock a woman named Bell, supposed to be the wife of Edward Bell, was shot while attempting to rob George Thompson's grocery store, on old Market street and Missouri avenue. The facts are about as follows: Billy Muir, an employe of Thompson, discovered, Thursday morning, that some one had been in the store the night previous, and he sprinkled meal on the floor that night to detect the thieves. Friday morning he found the tracks of thieves on the floor, and was instructed



A CHILD'S FEARFUL PERIL THE LITTLE SON OF MR. CAMPBELL, SEIZED BY A FAMISHED PANTHER, BEFORE THE EYES OF ITS PARENTS, AT SODA SPRINGS, CAL.



BARBAROUS MURDER OF JOHN PRESTON BY TWO NEGROES, WHILE ENDEAVORING TO ESCAPE THEIR MURDEROUS ASSAULT, NEAR NICHOLASVILLE, KY.



by Thompson to arm himself with a shot-gun and keep watch.

About two o'clock this morning he heard a noise at the back door, and waited until the burglar got in. It being dark in the store, he could not tell who it was, but supposed it was Bell, as he was living with the woman in the house adjoining the grocery. After the party got several feet from the door, he fired, and, hearing an unearthly scream, then knew he had shot a woman. He rushed out the front door, called the police on the beat, and hastened back to the store, where a big crowd had gathered.

Mrs. Bell was shot through the lower part of the abdomen, thirteen bird-shot having passed through a tin pan she carried in her hand, which doubtless prevented instant death. Bell was there with a gun, and attempted to kill Muir, but Officer Story prevented it. Bell was taken to jail and held in the sum of \$500 to answer a charge of attempted robbery. Mrs. Bell was taken to her home, and the surgeon called to dress the wound says it is very dangerous, and may terminate fatally.

There is considerable unfavorable comment over the shooting, many thinking it an unnecessary proceeding, while others think if Muir had attempted to capture the thief, that Bell, who was outside with a gun, would have killed him. Bell is a dangerous man. He claims the woman is his wife, but this is doubted.

#### A Big Bank "Crack."

LAONIA, N. H., April 25.—The Laconia National Bank was robbed early this morning of about \$125,000 by a gang of experienced burglars. The people in the vicinity of the bank were awakened by a loud explosion between two and three o'clock, and many of them rushed into the street to learn its cause. That the bank had been robbed and that the explosion was made by the blowing open of the vaults, were facts soon learned, and then ensued a scene of excitement unusual for this



MURDERED FOR PUTTING ON AIRS—THE SINGULAR REASON ASSIGNED BY JAMES REED FOR HIS FATAL ASSAULT UPON HIS VISITOR, WILLIAMS, NEAR ELIZABETH, PA.

heavy bar of iron and struck him several times over the head, fracturing his skull. Reed then walked out, lit a cigar and started up the road. Two men who passed by and heard Williams moan, entered the house and found him dying. Reed was arrested and brought here. Neither Williams nor Reed knew each other and had never had any dealings together. What led to the crime is a mystery. Reed told your correspondent this afternoon that Williams had come to his house and bothered him by his "pompous airs, and talking as if he owned the house." He says he hit him, but does not seem to care what the result is. Williams died this afternoon.

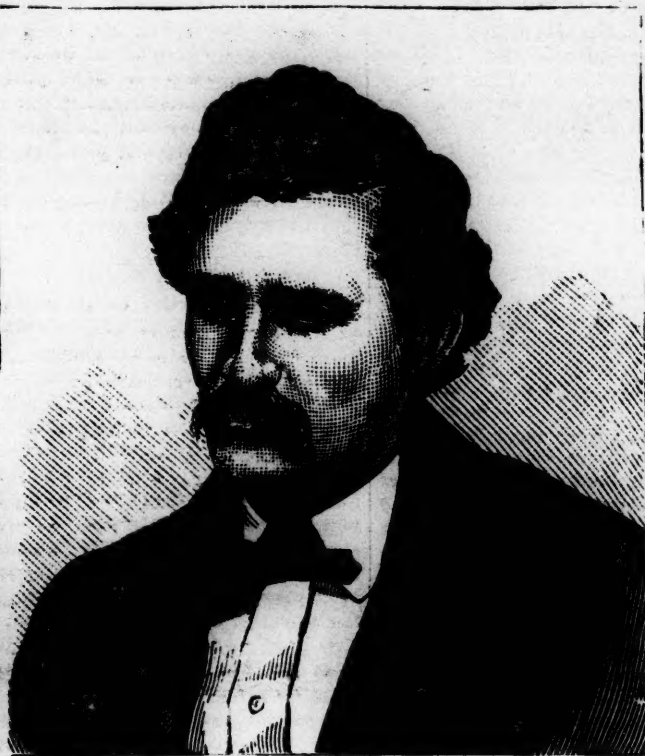
#### DISSIPATION AND DISGRACE

The Shameful Story of a Wife's Dishonor to which her Alleged Paramour Testified in Support of her Husband's Charge of Adultery.

William Moselein, leader of the orchestra in the Theatre Comique, entered the Hoboken, N. J., station-house, on the 28th, in company with his wife, and surrendered her on a charge of adultery. The pitiable wallings of the wife and her sobs and protestations of innocence made the scene most heartrending. The evidence of the woman's guilt was so overwhelming to the enraged husband that he was deaf to all entreaties, and even the pleadings and sobs of his wife were unavailing. He pressed the charge, and there was no alternative but to lock the distracted woman in the cells, to await examination. Mrs. Moselein lives at 101 Washington street, Hoboken. She is a young, buxom brunette, not over twenty-five years of age, but her dissipation has made her almost a complete wreck. She has an uncontrollable appetite for strong liquor, and she purchased the worst of liquor, her object being quantity and not quality. She has been known to neglect her household and be stupidly drunk throughout



MRS. YOUNG, MOTHER OF PETER E. STEVENS' MURDERED WIFE, AND HIS WOULD-BE MURDERESS, CHICAGO.



MARK GRAY, THE SUPPOSED LUNATIC, WHO ATTEMPTED TO ASSASSINATE EDWIN BOOTH AT M'VICKER'S THEATRE, CHICAGO.



ALEXANDER COHEN, ABSCONDING INSURANCE AGENT AND FORGER, OF MILWAUKEE, WIS.—\$100 OFFERED FOR HIS ARREST.

quiet village. The fire-alarm was immediately sounded, and the bells rung, causing a general alarm throughout the village.

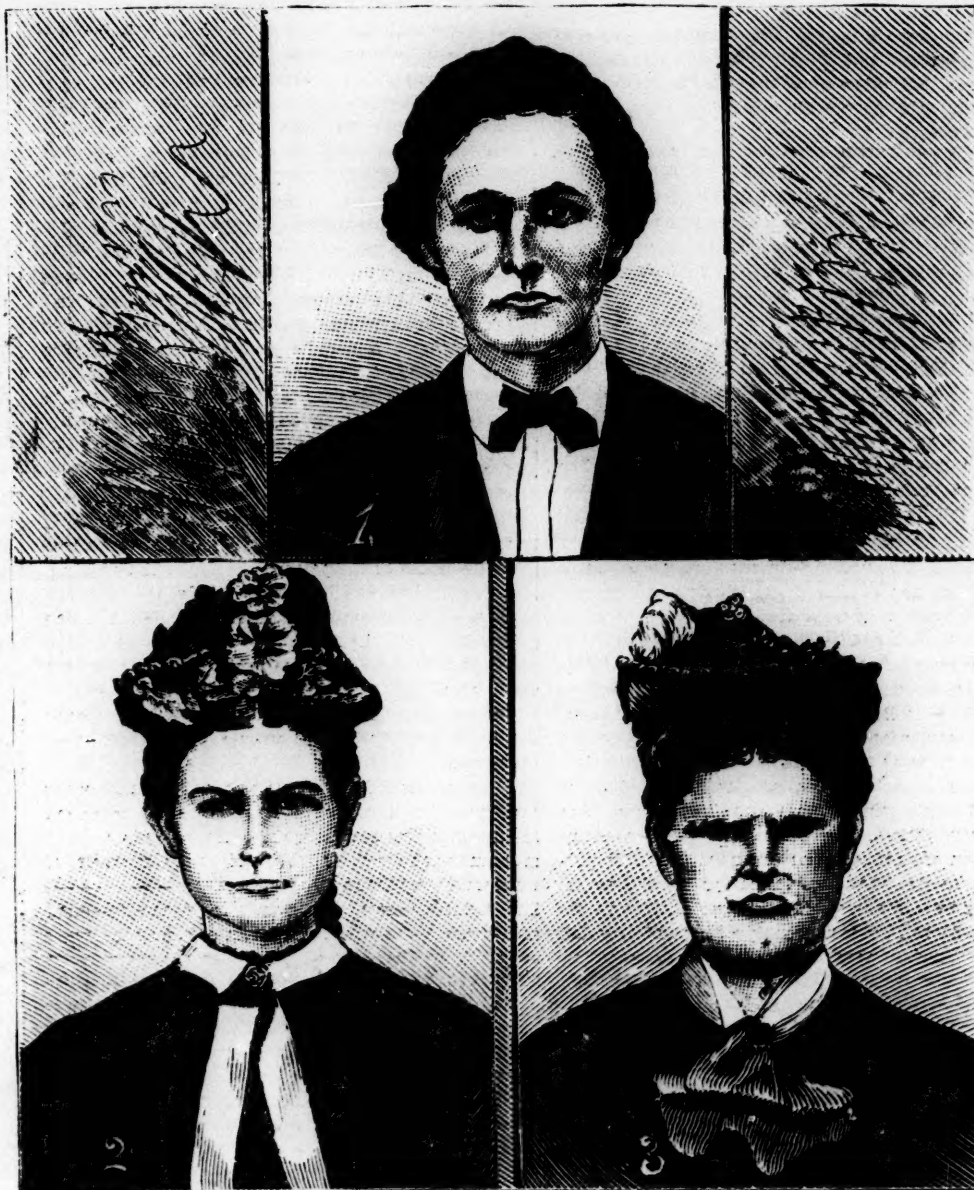
The robbers seem to have gained access to the counting-room of the bank by breaking open the front door, and after entering proceeded in a systematic manner to force the safe, the door of which alone weighed three hundred pounds, by cutting through the outer surface of the right-hand door sufficiently to allow the bolts to be drawn back. Then an aperture was wedged sufficient to admit of the injection of the explosive, after which the work was accomplished by means of a match. The work of securing the funds contained in the vault, to which entrance had been made by the explosion, was evidently the work of but a few minutes, as the clock in the bank stopped at thirteen minutes before three, and Mr. Frank H. Champlin, who resides near the bank, was on the spot a few minutes before three, when no one was to be seen in that vicinity. Mr. A. J. Seavy, who resides near the bank, was aroused by the explosion, and on looking from his window observed four or five men running from the vicinity of the bank, and called to them to know the cause of the disturbance. These persons asked of Mr. Seavy the same question, and then departed in haste. They were evidently the robbers, who were just leaving their work.

The bank was started in 1869, and has a capital of \$150,000. Only one of the steel chests was blown open, and the amount of cash taken was \$4,078. The bank was robbed of notes to the amount of \$120,000 and of \$2,200 in coupon bonds which had been lodged as collateral for some of the notes. There were in all nearly one hundred and fifty notes, ranging from \$25 to \$5,000. The bank has a complete record of these notes and will lose nothing on them. In their apparent haste the robbers left \$600 on the bank floor, which was secured after their departure. The loss to the institution cannot exceed four per cent. of its capital. In the steel chests which were not broken into there was \$2,000 to \$3,000 worth of coupon bonds, the property of special depositors, and there was also the reserve cash fund of the bank, amounting to \$5,000 in greenbacks and \$1,500 in gold.

#### Murdered for "Putting on Airs."

[Subject of Illustration.]

PRITTSBURG, Pa., April 28.—Several weeks ago a man named James Reed took possession of a small unoccupied house near Elizabeth, in this county, and has since lived in it alone. Yesterday morning a quiet, inoffensive man, named Williams, while passing, was called in by Reed to have a talk. Williams went in and sat down, and as he did so Reed picked up a



THE MAUCK TRAGEDY, HARRISON COUNTY, IND.

1—David S. Mauck, the brutal murderer. 2—Mrs. Mary Mauck, victim of her husband's barbarity. 3—Miss Sallie E. Vaughan, terribly injured by the assassin.—SEE PAGE 2.

a day and a night. The expostulations of her husband and friends were unheeded, for the reason that the young wife

#### COULD NOT CONTROL HERSELF.

The husband was kind, affectionate, and sought to cure his wife of her debasing habit, but when, several days ago, he heard slurs cast upon her chastity, it drove him to desperation. He was willing to forget and forgive anything but unfaithfulness, and, to satisfy himself, made a personal investigation. The story was traced to Edward Hart, a dissipated, broken-down comedian, who frequented the Theatre Comique, Hoboken, and did occasional jobs for the proprietors. Hart has frequently bragged of his criminal intercourse with Mrs. Moselein, but when the indignant husband confronted him he manifested surprise and indignation. Mr. Moselein procured witnesses who had heard Hart make his braggadocio statements, and brought them face to face. Hart fretted and squirmed to get out, but the facts were there, and he finally declared to Mr. Moselein that the story was correct. A feeling of wrathful horror passed over the husband as he realized the truth of the story, but he controlled his temper, and heard the particulars.

#### FROM THE PARAMOUR'S OWN LIPS.

Hart gave time, places and other facts. Then Mr. Moselein went to his wife and demanded an explanation, but she declared her innocence in the most emphatic way, and her sobs and tears tended to serve as corroborative evidence that her chastity was unassailed. Mr. Moselein, not fully satisfied, again sought Hart and took him to his home, where he confronted him with his wife. Mrs. Moselein could have fallen through the floor as she heard Hart say in her presence that the story was true. The scene can well be imagined. Hart, like a cowed scoundrel, declared in words that could not be misconstrued, that he had criminal intercourse with Mrs. Moselein, and that, too, at her own solicitation. Mrs. Moselein could scarcely speak, but gasping for breath, as one who suffered the pangs of slow strangulation, she shrieked "Liar! liar! 'Tis false! 'tis false!" Hart was permitted to go, and, as stated, Mr. Moselein surrendered his wife to the police. Subsequently the police went in search of Hart, but he had fled the city, and will give the detectives a wide berth.

Mrs. Truesdell, the lady who was raped by Klein, who was lynched for the crime shortly after, back of Newport, near Cincinnati, had a stroke of paralysis a few days ago. She is far advanced in pregnancy, and it is feared she will not survive this last blow.

On Easter Sunday an Augusta, Ga., hen laid a beautifully colored egg.



## THE BUTCHER BURIED.

Richards, the Red-Handed Ruffian of Nebraska Expiates his Numberless Crimes on the Gallows.

## AN UNPARALLELED MONSTER.

Who Joked over Murder and Smiled in Reciting his Wanton Slaughter of Babes, But at the Last

## SHOWED FORTH THE CRAVEN.

[With Illustration and Portrait.]

LOWELL, Neb., April 26.—Richards, the bloody butcher of nine people, met his fate at Minden, Kearney county, Neb., at seventeen minutes past one, to-day. A crowd of 25,000 people assembled to witness the execution, although the law provides it shall be private.

A pen sixteen feet square had been erected, built of light lumber. The crowd at noon to day tore this down and exposed the scaffold to view. Sheriff Kiern remonstrated after it was done, but they told him he did his duty and was not responsible for what they chose to do. At a few moments before one o'clock Richards, in charge of the sheriff and deputy, and accompanied by his spiritual adviser, appeared and ascended the scaffold, Richards mounting with firm step and self-daring. He at once took his place upon the trap, facing the vast audience. When the death sentence was read, the only noticeable sign about Richards was a tremulous movement of the lips and fingers. After the reading of the death warrant he began, in slow, measured tones, to speak, and said he was about to die for a crime

OF WHICH HE WAS WRONGFULLY CONVICTED.

He said his killing of Anderson was in self defense. He said nothing of the Harelson murder, which was the most heinous. He said he had faith in Christ, and was going to heaven. After prayer by his spiritual adviser, he said he wanted the crowd to sing, "Come, Thou fount of every blessing" with him, and two verses of the same were sung, he joining in. Then he commenced speaking in a trembling tone, while being pinioned, and kept at it even after the cap was pulled over his face. At seventeen minutes past one, the lever was sprung, and the guilty man fell six feet. His neck was broken, and he died in fifteen minutes. Save the demonstration above mentioned, the crowd was orderly.

S. D. Richards was convicted, on the 16th of January, of the murder of Peter Anderson, near Lowell, on the 10th of last December. Richards suddenly appeared in the neighborhood of the murder, in October, and went to work on the farm of Mrs. Sarah Harelson, a grass-widow, whose husband was a fugitive from justice. The relations of Richards and Mrs. Harelson were believed to be the same as

THOSE OF MAN AND WIFE.

About the 1st of December, Mrs. Harelson and her three children, respectively eight, six and two years of age, disappeared from the neighborhood, and Richards gave out that she had taken the children and gone to rejoin her husband in Texas. As she had often talked of doing this, and Richards told a very plausible story of having driven them to Hastings, where they took the train for the East and South, the story was believed. On the 9th of December Anderson called at the Harelson house, where Richards was living alone, and while there, Richards gave him a cup of tea. Returning to his home, a mile and a half away, Anderson was taken violently ill, and expressed the belief that Richards had poisoned him. Being recovered the next morning, he went over and flatly accused Richards of poisoning him. Richards denied it, and Anderson called him a liar. Richards knocked him down, and Anderson seized an ax and Richards a heavy hammer; both men started for each other. Richards got in a blow, and knocked the brains out of Anderson at once. He then carried him down cellar and covered the body up with straw and other rubbish. There were no eye-witnesses of the deed, but this is

HIS VOLUNTARY CONFESSION SINCE THE TRIAL.

Richards then hitched a span of horses to a wagon and began loading the household furniture upon it, with the intention of leaving the country, as he says. Two men whom Anderson had left at the house from which he had come, seeing these movements, had their curiosity excited, and went over to the Harelson house. They asked Richards where Anderson was, and he readily replied that he was in the house and would be out presently. They asked him what he was going to do with Mrs. Harelson's furniture, and he replied that before she had left for Texas he had bought it of her, and was going to town and sell it. The men then went into the house in search of Anderson, and found his corpse, still warm, buried as above stated. They immediately rushed out to give the alarm, and found that Richards had unhitched one of the horses from the wagon and was scurrying away to the southwest. He had too much the start of them for them to catch him, but they at once gave the alarm. Anderson's death at once gave rise to suspicions that Mrs. Harelson and her family had been foully dealt with, and, after a short search, the horrible fact was revealed that he had murdered the whole family, had scooped out a shallow grave at the edge of a straw-stack, dumped the bodies therein, and had covered them with straw and dirt. They had all been brained by a hammer or other blunt instrument. This horrible discovery aroused the whole country, and every precaution was taken

TO TRACK THE MURDERER.

He had gone to the nearest railroad station on the Southwest road, however, had rode to Red Cloud, on the Republican river, and then had immediately turned about face, and rode back through the scene of his murders. The officers of the law were accord-

ingly baffled for a time, but soon got on his track, and succeeded, on the 23rd of December, in arresting him at the town of Mount Pleasant, his father's home, in Northern Ohio. He was walking with two ladies when he was arrested, and willingly gave himself up, and such had been his previous good standing in that section that few people would credit the terrible tales about him. He was speedily returned to Nebraska by his captors, and his trial began at Minden, in Kearney county, early in January, resulting in a conviction, January 16, of murder in the first degree. Judge Gaslin pronounced sentence without delay, giving the wretch barely the 101 days which the law says must take place before the guilty party shall be executed. Richards was thereupon brought down to the state prison at Lincoln, where he has since been confined for safe-keeping. Although the murder of the Harelson family was infinitely more horrible than that of Anderson, the evidence was not so clear, so the trial and conviction was alone upon the murder of Anderson, and the trial was merely a formal legality and

NO DEFENSE WAS ATTEMPTED.

Richards's demeanor after his capture was that of a man who had evidently got himself just where he expected to get, and upon his way home from the place of arrest, and after he got there, he talked with great volubility of his murders, and it is almost entirely from his own lips that we have the story of the terrible slaughter of the Harelson family. He says that he made up his mind to kill them all, one evening, and after sleeping soundly on that night, got up before any of them were awake in the morning and proceeded to execute the deed. He procured a hammer, and brained the woman first, while she slept. She neither spoke nor groaned, but passed from sleep into death without a struggle. He then killed the eldest child, a boy, and he died easily also. In killing these two, however, he awakened the two younger children, and the little girl begged him not to hurt her. He told her it would do no good to plead with him, for he was there for the purpose of killing her, and with the cruel hammer he made his word good. The baby was smiling in his face when he lifted it out of bed and crushed its head with one dastardly blow. All this the monster has told over and over again with laughter and smiles, as though he were repeating some story from Harper's drawer or of like nature. After killing them, he says, he went out, scooped out the shallow grave, and carried them out to burial. He took the mother first, then the two elder children at one load, and then the murdered babe, carrying it by one leg.

AS IF IT WAS A DEAD FIG.

He filled in the earth, pulled some straw over it, and then set about cleaning up the few blood spots that showed the evidence of his crime. Having arranged all this to his satisfaction, he coolly proceeded to cook his breakfast, and says he never ate a heartier one, or one that he enjoyed better. He then gave out to the neighbors, as above, that Mrs. Harelson had taken the children and gone to rejoin their renegade father in Texas, and he told the story in such a straightforward manner that the people believed it without further question.

The murderous fiend showed but little change in his demeanor throughout his confinement, but carried always the same smiling countenance, the same careless, indifferent bearing, and the same air of reckless bravado. As the end drew near, however, he "weakened" most abjectly, is said to have cried like a child, being unable to eat or sleep, and so thoroughly unmanned by fear that it was believed he would have to be carried to the gallows.

This monster claimed to have killed several other persons, but has not clearly defined these facts, for the reason that when upon the point of making confession, he sold to a certain politician of the state his whole confession.

TO BE PUBLISHED AFTER HIS DEATH.

He then refused to reveal anything further. It is known, however, that his first murder was that of a young man named Crawford, some three years ago. He was traveling with him at the time in the northern part of the state. They both drew pistols, and Richards killed his companion and left him where he fell. Another one he murdered was a young man whom he killed two years ago, just outside of the city of Kearney, and whose body he buried under a railroad bridge. The bones of the man have been disinterred since Richards' arrest, but who he was is not known. He says he has revealed other murders to his biographer, but this is doubted, and it is believed by some that he only makes these statements to make it appear that he is a greater desperado than he has proved to be by the above terrible recitals. The world is well rid of such monsters.

Shocking Sequence of Vice.

NORWICH, N. Y., April 30.—In the town of Guilford, in this (Chenango) county, a Miss Belden, aged thirty-two years, a few days since died under suspicious circumstances. She had been living as a domestic with a young farmer named Charles Horton, in the adjoining town of Butternuts, which is in Otsego county. Last week Miss Belden unaccountably disappeared and her sister, who lives in Guilford, after a search found her dying at a house in the town of Bainbridge, which lies next to Guilford on the south and about equally distant from Guilford and Butternuts. She was removed, but died in great agony. Dr. Meacham, a physician of good standing, attended her. He pronounced the case one of inflammation of the bowels, but it is now discovered that the girl, before death, confessed herself a victim of malpractice and revealed the name of her seducer. A post-mortem examination revealed evidence of criminal treatment. Dr. Meacham and Horton, the victim's employer, were arrested to await the result of the inquest. Horton is said to be her seducer, and Dr. Meacham is suspected of having performed the operation. The inquest was held here this afternoon and a verdict reached late in the evening. The jury found that Miss Belden died from the effects of an abortion. Dr. J. D. Meacham and Charles F. Horton were held to appear before the Grand Jury. There is much excitement in Otsego and Chenango counties, where the deceased and the parties accused of causing her death are well known.

## A FATHER'S FATAL FRENZY.

Albert Deffarge, a Jealous Frenchman, driven to Madness by his Suspicions of his Wife's Fidelity, Administers Poison to his two Little Children and Dies the Death of a Suicide Beside them from the Effect of the Same Fatal Drug.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A most terrible tragedy took place in a kitchen in the back basement of 257 West Twenty-sixth street, this city, on the 24th ult. On the morning of that day a police officer passing along the street was met by a woman rushing toward him in the wildest excitement, who told him there had been a murder and suicide committed at the house described. The officer hurried to the place and there found the dead bodies of Albert C. Deffarge, and his four-year-old son, and learned that Deffarge, who is a native of Bordeaux, France, had administered poison to his children Albert C., aged four years, and Amy, aged two, and then took the drug, which is believed to have been cyanide of potassium, himself. All were found suffering from the poison by a servant, but no physician was summoned. The man and boy died in a few minutes, while the girl was sent to the New York Hospital, and there is a strong probability of her recovery. The circumstances of the terrible crime are as follows:

Mrs. Deffarge, who is about thirty-two years old, and who passes as Mme. Raphael, was of French extraction. Her maiden name was Clara Aubanel, and ten years ago, while practicing as a clairvoyant in Philadelphia, she lived with Deffarge until January 18, 1876, when he married her. Deffarge came from a well-to-do French family. He was educated as a pharmacist, but during his career with Mdle. Aubanel, did no work, and lived on her earnings as a fortune-teller, which were large, until last November, when, with Mitchell Frankford, he opened a drug-store at 136 Ninth avenue. In March the store was closed, partly for want of patronage and partly because the business was neglected. At that time the family lived at 257 West Twenty-sixth street, where they had moved shortly after Deffarge had married Clara. Their

DOMESTIC RELATIONS WERE MOST UNHAPPY.

Mrs. Deffarge's affection for her husband was warped by a discovery of his infidelity two years ago. Their quarrels were frequent and violent. A little over a year ago Mrs. Deffarge complained to Captain Allair, of the Sixteenth precinct, that her husband held a pistol to her face, and threatened her life.

No action, however, was taken on this complaint. On Friday, the 18th, after a stormy scene between husband and wife, the former quitted his home. Up to the time of the murder and suicide, Deffarge was almost a stranger at his home. His wife was bitterly incensed against him, and when he came to the house avoided him. Deffarge's visits were rare and short, but whenever he came home he asked the servant, Kate Murphy, to bring him his children. On the night of the 23rd he did not visit his residence, but at six thirty p. m., the following day he let himself in with a night key. Deffarge asked for his children.

The girl took Amy down-stairs first. Deffarge kissed her, and told Kate to go up and bring down the boy, and that he would help to finish dressing Amy. Kate took the boy down-stairs. Deffarge kissed him, and Kate left the three together in the kitchen, which is in the rear of the basement. Shortly before eight o'clock Kate rushed up-stairs. She was terribly excited, and said to Mrs. Deffarge that she had gone into the kitchen on an errand and saw Deffarge and the children

LYING ON THE FLOOR VOMITING.

The madame sprang out of bed and ran in her night-clothes to the people up-stairs, and begged them to go down and see what they could do until she got some clothes. They refused to have anything to do with the matter. She then put on a wrapper, ran down to the kitchen and saw the children lying on the floor. The boy was gasping and foaming at the mouth, while the girl was trying to raise herself. She peered into the closet and saw Deffarge all doubled up. He was holding a towel to his mouth. She shouted for aid, rushed across the street to some neighbors and asked them to come and help her, and to send for a physician. The neighbors advised her to give the children milk, and try to get them to vomit. She tried the boy first, but he could not swallow; he was too far gone. The girl swallowed a little, and she put her finger in her mouth and made her retch. Then a policeman took her to the Hospital, and took Kate to attend. At that time Deffarge was dead, and

THE BOY DIED SHORTLY AFTER.

Captain Ryan searched the dead man and the room for some traces of the poison, but could find nothing. He was plainly dressed, but not neatly, and a beard of several days' growth was on his face. His hair and mustache were light in color. Among the contents of his pockets were some papers and letters which throw some light upon his action. One letter was written entirely in French. It was dated "Tuesday morning, one o'clock, 22nd of April, 1879," and read as follows:

"The conduct of my wife is getting each and every day more shameful. The horrid treatment which she has made me suffer for three months is enough to make me wish for death. My wife is the mistress of a miserable vagabond by the name of ——. The inclosed verses came from him to the direction of my wife. She went several times during the week to spend the afternoon with an infamous creature in Fifty-second street. There she met this miserable ——. She is a woman of 30 years, and he is a young man of 20 or 22. In going to this house she had the hypocrisy to kiss her two innocent children with the lips soiled by vice. Not satisfied with this, she intended to take my two children away from me and to go away with him. To prevent this I took the money from her which I had given her to pay the rent, which she didn't do after all, and I left the house. I was forced to do it because she would not live with me any more, having done all she possibly could to make me leave. Having lost everything, my

wife whom I loved so much, as much as one can love; prepared to do anything for her, what will become of me? What will be my existence? After having lived ten years with her to see myself alone, and away from my poor children whom I love so much? Oh, no. This is most horrible. It is

BETTER TO DIE AND TAKE THEM WITH ME.

In regard to her—the miserable one—I leave to her own conscience to make her suffer; and as regards the miserable one who is the principal cause of all these misfortunes, may God curse him, and may my curses pursue him to the day of judgment. Oh, poor Clara! How I love thee. Couldst thou again find another heart like mine. How hast thou made me suffer, and yet I tell you that, after all, I love thee. Yes, oh yes, I love thee. And what a love, what terrible love I had for thee and for my children. You made a play-ball of my heart, and when you were tired of it you broke it. I forgive you, but will God forgive you the great crime which thou hast made me commit.

"It is about a year since she became the mistress of another miserable one, whom she passed off as her brother Aubanel in a house in Second avenue, near Twenty-second street \* \* \* The true name of the miserable one is —, a printer. But this is not all. It was yet necessary that another miserable vagabond, —, come to the house to turn her mind to give a ball in the house. The unfortunate one, who is not able to pay what she owes. So she wanted to appear grand; and since I have left the house is this vagabond always there, and Wednesday night he did not leave till midnight, under the belief, no doubt, that he had gained her good graces, and could add one more to the list of her lovers. May God forgive me my crime, but I cannot die and leave my two beloved angels behind me to let them suffer the insults and punishment of the men whom she will take to her. No; a thousand times better death for them and me."

On the back of a mineral water circular was written, partly in French, partly in English, what might be the continuation of the letter above. It read:

"All this has only come about through this unfortunate fortune telling, and through her

MAKING A LIVING THROUGH THIS VILLAINY.

She considered herself somebody on this account, and prevented me from working, and treated me like an idiot. I have done all she wanted me to do. Here is the result, and here is my reward. She called herself Madame Raphael. May the world not judge me too harshly. I have suffered much. Adieu, Clara, dear and much beloved wife. May God protect thee. Think sometimes of a poor unfortunate whom thou hast made suffer so much. Oh, my God, must one die and love as I have loved!"

Then, in English, were the following words:

"Farewell, Clara. I love thee, and die loving thee. A curse on that miserable —. Oh, God, forgive me, and forgive me my sins! Good bye, you, my beloved wife; good bye forever. Don't curse my memory. Good bye, dearest. If I destroyed your dresses it is for your own good, to keep you from being so proud and so selfish."

Mrs. Deffarge, during the visit of Captain Ryan, maintained a calmness that was surprising. She did not shed a tear, and appeared not to regret her husband's fate. She said she was very well satisfied to have saved Amy's life, and that if she had had a true friend when she discovered the children she could have saved both. She related the story of her life and of her husband's death with great coolness, but when the dead-wagon came for the body of her beautiful boy, she cried. Kelly was with her all day. When questioned by the coroner both claimed that her husband's jealousy was groundless.

## Jealousy, Murder, Suicide.

TOLEDO, Ohio, April 30.—A man going under the name of Mons. Florentine, stopping at the Hooper House, at half past twelve o'clock this morning, shot his wife, known as Miss Lillie Ellis, now playing at the Adelphi Variety Theatre, through the neck with a revolver, then putting the weapon to his head, fired, and instantly killed himself. Miss Ellis is considered to be in a precarious condition, but the physicians have strong hopes of saving her life. Jealousy is supposed to have been the cause of the tragedy.

## A Disastrous Horse Enterprise.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 30.—A telegram from Eureka, Nev., reports that two men went into a livery stable at that place last night, overpowered the hostlers, took two of the best horses, and rode away. They were pursued by a sheriff's posse and overtaken this morning at Railroad Canyon. The thieves showed fight, and one of them, John Sullivan, a Massachusetts man, was shot and killed. The other was wounded and lodged in jail. Sullivan has a wife living in Massachusetts.

## Proceeds of a Church Robbery Unearthed.

VINCENNES, Ind., April 26.—While digging greens in a field near this city yesterday evening, Mrs. Isaac Dollahan unearthed several pieces of broken gold-plate, evidently the property of some church. It is not thought to be any of the sacred utensils stolen from the Cathedral and Lutheran Church in this city about three months ago.

## The Sanguinary Color Line.

MACON, Ga., April 30.—In a desperate affray to-night between J. H. Benner, restaurateur, and Henry Shields, colored cook, the former was shot twice in the leg. Shields was wounded in the head and arm. Five shots were fired, the distance between the parties being eight feet. The negro was drunk. Both are doing well.

A narrow escape from being buried alive is reported from Berlin, Germany. The body of a man named Walker, aged twenty, a dryer by trade, was placed in its coffin and was being carried to one of the cemeteries, when a noise was heard inside, and on removing the lid the supposed corpse sat up in its winding-sheet. The poor fellow was at once lifted out wrapped in a blanket and taken to his home in the mourning-coach occupied by the family.



## PETE STEVENS' LUCK.

The Chicago Wife-Slayer Makes a Double Escape from the Gallows and the Pistol of the Frantic Mother of his Victim.

### EXCITING SCENE IN COURT.

On Hearing of the Defeat of Justice, Mrs. Young makes a Desperate Attempt to Shoot the Murderer of her Daughter.

### SHE BECOMES A RAVING MANIAC.

[With Illustration and Portraits.]

CHICAGO, April 28.—After twenty hours' deliberation, having been out since the afternoon of the 26th, the jury in the Stevens wife murder trial returned a verdict about one o'clock yesterday. All the morning the court-room and corridors had been thronged with a curious crowd that came and went at intervals. The judge and state's attorney were there, too, and there also was the silent figure of Mrs. Young, mother of the murdered girl, more deeply veiled than usual.

During the nineteen days of the trial the most constant and punctual attendant has been Mrs. Young, the mother of the murdered child-wife. She has sat from day to day listening to the testimony, sometimes sobbing as the story of her daughter's shame and murder was related, sometimes almost fainting in her chair, and at other times indignantly frowning down the smile on the lips of her daughter's slayer. That she hated the villain with all the intensity of a wronged mother's heart, none could deny, and that she has hated him ever since he shot down her daughter, his frail wife, has been too plain. But her hatred has grown of late; it has been intensified a thousand fold since the cold-blooded murderer took the witness stand, and in the presence of a thousand people profaned the memory of his dead wife and

#### DEFAMED THE CHARACTER OF HER MOTHER.

Mrs. Young is a tall, graceful woman, once decidedly handsome, but now worn by care and suffering until she moves around like a phantom. After the jury retired she held her position in the court-room, leaving it at night only when informed that there was no prospect of a verdict until morning. That morning she was on hand among the earliest. She sat perfectly silent and motionless, her face almost entirely concealed behind a long crape veil that hung to her feet.

Shortly before one o'clock the twelve came in and announced, each one for himself, that the verdict in writing was his own. The prisoner, Stevens, grew deathly white and leaned forward to hear it read. The verdict was manslaughter and the penalty fourteen years in the penitentiary. Stevens drew a great breath of relief, swallowed once and then almost a

#### SMILE CAME OVER HIS SINISTER COUNTERTEANCE.

Mrs. Young trembled violently, but little attention was paid to her, as she sat back near the rail, where she had passed the three long weeks of the trial. A formal motion for a new trial was entered on the part of the defense, after which the jurymen were discharged.

Then Jailer Carrier laid his hand upon Stevens's shoulder and told him to "Come on." The jailer and the prisoner had to pass directly in front of Mrs. Young.

"How are you satisfied?" was asked of the wife-slayer.

"It suits me," he said. "I would rather have had 100 years than been hung."

They had passed Mrs. Young and were about to enter an open corridor leading out of the court-room, when, with a noiseless, cat-like step, swift and unnoticed, the mother of the child-wife Stevens had slain like a dog, approached the retiring party. In a second a tiny revolver was gleaming at the back of the murderer's head, and click went the hammer. But

#### THE MOTHER'S VENGEANCE MISCARRIED.

The cartridge did not explode, thus preventing what would otherwise have probably resulted in a successful act of retribution.

The court-room was thrown into the wildest confusion. Jailer Carrier seized the weapon from the woman. Stevens cast one look behind, his face blanched in mortal terror, and fled for his life toward the door leading to the jail.

It was several minutes before the jailer, a powerful man, could overpower Mrs. Young and secure the pistol. It was a Smith & Wesson of the smallest size. When she at last gave it up she fainted. The county physician was on hand and in a few moments she was removed and the court was cleared.

It was decided not to place Mrs. Young under arrest and she was allowed to go to her home. The only comment on the street was one of regret that the mother of the murdered girl did not succeed in doing justice where

#### MANY THINK A JURY FAILED.

It was learned after the affair was over that the cause of the non-explosion of the charge in the revolver was that the long black veil worn by the mother since Mamie's death caught between the hammer and the cartridge.

On the evening of the occurrence Mrs. Young was found at her home a raving maniac. The physicians in charge are yet uncertain whether her insanity will be permanent or temporary. She was attacked with delirium on the way home from the court-room, where she made the unsuccessful attempt to shoot her son-in-law, the murderer of her daughter, and has not been sane since.

Thus ends the remarkable Stevens murder trial. It is nearly one year ago since he shot his girl-wife in a fit of jealousy. It is generally regarded as one of the most diabolical crimes ever committed in this city, an assertion that involves a great deal.

The jury up to the night before the rendering of

the verdict, stood seven for acquittal, four for manslaughter, and one for hanging. They finally compromised by voting in favor of manslaughter all around.

#### Booth's Would-be Assassin.

[With Portrait.]

On another page we give a portrait of Mark Gray, the mysterious young man who attempted to assassinate Edwin Booth, the well-known tragedian, on the night of April 23, by firing two shots at him with a revolver from the balcony of McVicker's Theatre, in Chicago, while he was on the stage in the character of Richard II. The details of the plot and its failure were given in our preceding issue. Since his imprisonment Gray has been visited by reporters who endeavored to obtain from him some explanation of his apparently inexplicable act, but without avail, he merely hinting in a mysterious way of some great provocation which would justify him in the eyes of the public when it came out. His remarkable resemblance to Mr. Booth was noted by every one and caused much comment. From this fact, as well as from some expressions dropped by him it was suggested by some that he might perhaps be an illegitimate son of Mr. Booth, who took this method of revenging himself upon his father for his neglect. This theory, however, it is hardly necessary to say has been found to be totally at variance with the facts.

Mr. Booth himself had an interview with him, and in his presence Gray seemed uneasy, and made little parade of his mysterious hints. Mr. Booth addressed him kindly and endeavored to learn his motive and his ideas in regard to him. He obtained little satisfaction from him, but was convinced that the young man was an entire stranger to him, and that in no way had he given him any cause for even a fancied affront. He was equally certain that he had never had the slightest knowledge of any of his relatives, and was entirely convinced that Gray's action was merely an insane freak. He did not wish to push the matter against him, and in appearing before the Grand Jury he referred sadly to the crime of his brother, John Wilkes, as a case in comparison, and said that he could not feel unkindly towards the poor boy, as he called him, whom he was convinced was insane as to the point he clings to, when he remembered his own sad experience.

Gray certainly gives no evidence whatever of insanity except upon the matter of his enmity to Mr. Booth and in regard to the stage, and even in this respect he might readily deceive anyone as to the reality of his alleged wrongs.

The Grand Jury, nevertheless, has found an indictment against him for assault with intent to kill.

#### Chicago's Latest Sensation.

CHICAGO, May 1.—A profound sensation was created in business circles this afternoon by the report that T. B. Weber, of the well known boot and shoe firm of G. W. Weber & Co., had been shot by a woman named Mrs. Roberts, who has been prosecuting a suit against him to establish the paternity of her dead son. The parties were in the office of Edward Jussen. Weber had been making his deposition in the case, and Mrs. Roberts sat there watched by one of Pinkerton's men, for she had threatened to kill the man she claims seduced her twelve years ago.

All at once, just as Weber said "I am not guilty of any criminal relations with this woman; it is all blackmail," she drew a revolver and fired. Weber was sitting near her and saw her draw the weapon. He rose with a cry not to shoot. She had pointed at his heart. The pistol was discharged as he rose, and the ball entered Weber's abdomen to the left of and above the navel. The woman was taken to jail. She says Weber has been an habitual seducer, and says that in the Union Cemetery, New York, is a grave marked by a stone on which is engraved "Theo. B. Weber," and that this is the tomb of another son of his by a girl he led astray many years ago. Mrs. Roberts' son was drowned in 1876. Weber has paid her money from time to time. The woman was visited in jail and seems distracted.

Weber was called upon at his residence at eleven o'clock this evening and was found in a dying condition. He was making his will under the influence of stimulants.

#### The Atlanta Tragedy.

ATLANTA, Ga., May 1.—The trial of Captain Cox for the murder of Colonel Alston, now fully under way, exhibits intense interest.

The prisoner is entirely surrounded by counsel, and seems to regard the trial with indifference. A sensation was created by a report, freely circulated, that one of the jurors had expressed an opinion favorable to Cox's acquittal. The prosecution was conducted with great spirit. Nearly all the twelve lawyers on that side are volunteers. Gattelle, the leading counsel for the defense, is the most successful criminal lawyer in the state. A half-dozen witnesses were examined for the state. All testified to the fact that Cox pursued Alston and made the difficulty inevitable. The defense will attempt to prove threats by Alston against Cox. Senator Gordon is here as a witness. Governor Colquitt will also be an important witness. The bulk of the evidence is yet to come. Several sharp thrusts and tilts between counsel have passed, and every step of the trial is contested.

#### A Sixty-Year-Old Crime Revealed.

A skeleton was found by a plowman on the farm of W. H. McElree, of Franklin township, Washington county, Pa., which is supposed to be that of John Johnson, a man who mysteriously disappeared from that section sixty years ago. It was believed at the time that Johnson was murdered, and a relative who has since died in the county poor-house, was suspected of the crime. The farmers made a search for the body shortly after Johnson disappeared, but nothing came of it. A number of old settlers are pretty strongly convinced that the skeleton is that of Johnson.

## BURIED ALIVE.

Details of the Sugar Notch Colliery Disaster by which Seven Miners were Entombed 1,200 Feet Under Ground, and their Rescue by the Heroic Exertions of their Comrades after an Imprisonment of Six Days in the Awful Vault.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On Wednesday morning of the 23rd ult., at about ten o'clock, the night shift in the No. 10 colliery of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company, at Sugar Notch, Pa., were warned by ominous breaking and creaking noises that the mine, or a part of it, was about to close in on them. A boy named John Clark was immediately dispatched to the face of the east gang-way, where six men, named William Harkins, John Green, Patrick Green, Barney Riley, Edward Price and William McKinney, were at work, to notify them of what was occurring between the gang-way and the opening. All those at work in the mine, with the exception of those named, succeeded in making their escape. Before these could make their way out the cave-in occurred, completely shutting in these unfortunates, as well as the boy who had been sent to warn them. As soon as news of the disaster reached the surface, the most intense excitement prevailed. Throngs of persons flocked to the vicinity, and the distress of those who had relatives among the imprisoned men whom it was supposed must inevitably perish before they could be reached, if not indeed instantly killed, was heart rending in the extreme. Nevertheless preparations were

#### AT ONCE BEGUN FOR THEIR RESCUE.

Brave volunteers descended into the yawning sepulcher to investigate and see if by any possible chance the fated seven, 1,200 feet below, could escape. But each returning squad wore the same sad expression of face.

Upon the suggestion that a new opening might be made from the surface and followed to the highest breast of the mine half a thousand voices said "aye," and a point was quickly selected a short distance east of the supposed fall. The pick and shovel and drill were faithfully taken and plied with alacrity, but the progress through the rock was slow. At about noon, after six hours of unremitting labor, with the result of about as many feet excavated, the labors at that point ceased, and another place was selected, where the coal was struck, when progress was more rapid.

Still the work of deliverance went bravely on and as vigorously as though animated by the certainty of success, though in fact hope was almost dead in the hearts of the most hopeful. Tedious enough was the progress of the severe toil of the deliverers, though it was pushed with all the energy of willing

#### ANIMATION BY SYMPATHETIC HEARTS.

At length, at half past seven o'clock on the morning of the 28th, the shift came up with the news that but a few more inches of the coal block remained to be pierced. The crowd was growing now. A hundred warm hearts throbbed quickly at this information. Representatives of the best society, gentlemen with their families and miners and laborers in their dusky suits. The throng was very large, but orderly. Conversation was conducted in a low tone of voice.

It was just four minutes to nine o'clock when strong knocks in rapid succession were heard upon the trap-door that leads to the dismal abyss. The utmost silence prevailed. Men with bated breath awaited the opening of the mouth of the messenger. It might be a voice freighted with excessive joy; it might be weighted down with the bitterest woe. The familiar head garb of a miner appeared at the hole. It was Daniel Lewis, and he cried out, "They are all alive!" Never have the rock-ribbed hills of Sugar Notch echoed with joy as they did in response to this intelligence. Huzzah after huzzah was wafted out on the atmosphere, and the people in the valley came out of their houses and gazed up to the place where the devoted men had been laboring upward of six days in succession without stoppage.

#### FOR THE RESCUE OF THEIR FELLOW MEN.

Mine Superintendent Smith was the first to enter the gangway. He found a portion of the men cooking a breakfast of mule steaks. The remainder of the party were engaged in changing the direction of an air course. Very little was said, but the entire party used all possible dispatch in getting out of the mine, reaching the surface shortly after nine o'clock.

Old Mr. Green, upward of seventy years of age, started off at once for his home with the glad tidings. Despite his old age and infirmities, he bounded over the hills with a step as light as a youth's. There was rejoicing all around, and all gave expression to their feelings and congratulated one another upon the result of their protracted search.

Hardly had the cheers died away before another rap was heard at the trap door, and another miner came up with the shout upon his tongue, "Here they come!" 'Twas true; one after another of the imprisoned men was helped through the trap. As fast as they came up they fell into the hands of friends with unalloyed pleasure. The meeting was one of those scenes that cannot be faithfully portrayed. To the friends who had waited so long for their return

#### IT SEEMED AS IF THE DEAD HAD RISEN.

The rescued felt then, if never before, the blessings of friends and the gloriousness of God's sunlight. They were all strong and healthy notwithstanding their long imprisonment. They had heard the efforts of their comrades on Thursday while blasting the block coal, and on that day killed the mule, and prepared some of it to be eaten. The air in the mine was good, and the men were enabled to cook their mule-meat by a fire. When they came up they brought some pieces of the meat and the stones upon which it was cooked.

The rescued men were at once sent to their homes. The crowd that had assembled was very enthusiastic and repeatedly cheered them and

#### THEIR PLUCKY DELIVERERS.

The men state that during Saturday and Sunday they could hear the rescuing party firing blasts, and when the blasting ceased they believed that the work had been stopped, and that they were abandoned to their fate. They also say they could have subsisted two

weeks longer, had it been necessary, upon their supply of mule meat, while a stream of water running through the mine prevented them from suffering for that essential.

The boys stood the long confinement best. McKinney, the driver boy, upon reaching the surface, leaped over the inclosure at the mouth of the opening, and ran rapidly homeward.

Too much praise cannot be given to the brave men who accomplished the work of driving and timbering a passageway of 1,200 feet through rock, slate and coal in the space of four days and nights, to the bosses directing the work, and to the engineering skill displayed in locating and directing the openings.

One hundred dollars was presented to each of the rescued miners by the stockholders of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company through President Charles Parish, and a concert was given for their benefit.

#### A Social Sensation in Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Md., April 30.—The grand jury of the Criminal Court found a presentment to-day against Charles Hoover, aged twenty-six, for attempting to procure an abortion on the person of Miss Elizabeth Bailey, a girl of nineteen. Hoover has been arrested and bailed in \$1,500 for trial, his bond being Mrs. Ida R. Pennington, who was a tenant of Dr. Buckler Jones, an alleged abortionist, who committed suicide two years ago while awaiting trial for criminal malpractice. Jones resided at the same house with Mrs. Pennington. The arrest of Hoover has caused a social sensation in Northeast Baltimore, where all the parties implicated reside and are well known and respectably connected.

Miss Bailey is a brunette of petite figure, bright and intelligent, and has for some time been a member of the Episcopal Church of Our Saviour. She is the daughter of James Bailey, formerly a wealthy farmer in Charles county. He was, however, unfortunate in business speculations some years ago, and lost all his money, and for several years has not been heard from. His daughter was educated at St. Peter's Orphan Asylum, and a year or two ago was adopted by Mrs. Graves, wife of Captain Robert Graves, of East Baltimore.

While at a social party Miss Bailey met Hoover, a young man of respectable family, and the case was apparently one of love at first sight. The testimony continued for some time, when several suspicious actions on the part of the young people led to the alleged discovery that there had been criminal intercourse between them. Hoover was at once charged with ruining the girl, and it is stated by Mrs. Graves, admitted having given her medicine to produce an abortion. Previous to this he had endeavored to induce the girl to place herself under the treatment of the woman Pennington, which she refused to do, but finally consented to take the medicine. For several weeks following the discovery of her condition, her friends have endeavored to induce Hoover to marry her, but without success, and finally the case was reported to the state attorney, who at once instituted proceedings against Hoover. Miss Bailey is now lying in a critical condition at the residence of a relative, and will become a mother in a few weeks.

#### Lucien Marc, Greco-Roman Wrestler.

[With Portrait.]

Some weeks since it was announced that in a wrestling match between the celebrated French wrestler, Christol, and the equally celebrated Detroit athlete, Colonel McLaughlin, the former had his collar bone broken and was supposed to be incapacitated from further contests of that sort. After his recovery, however, a challenge put forth by him, was accepted by an individual who announced himself as a Black Hills miner. A match between the two came off at Denver, and, after a sharp contest, the stranger, who was introduced as Antonio Joseph, came off winner. It was then revealed that the latter was in reality Andre Christol, the real and only Christol, the famous athlete who is said to have never lost a match. He charged his antagonist, whose real name is given as Lucien Marc, with having used his name in wrestling contests for some time past, and avowed that he had made the match purposely to avenge himself for the affront, and expressed himself as satisfied with the result. Marc indignantly denied that he had taken his antagonist's cognomen, as he had a right to the name he had given, Lucien Christol being his proper patronymic.

It was incorrectly stated in some papers that the latter had three of his ribs broken and was otherwise severely injured in the struggle. This, we are assured, was not the case, as, so far from being disabled, he gave a plucky and scientific exhibition of his prowess, was not at all hurt, and only lost by the greatly superior bodily strength of his antagonist, whom he challenged before leaving the stage to another match for one thousand dollars. A fine portrait of Lucien Marc, or Christol, in wrestling trim is given on another page.

#### Sorrows of an African Politician.

William Johnson, a colored cook, pleaded guilty in the General Sessions on the 1st inst., of receiving stolen goods. Judge Cowing, in passing sentence, endeavors to discriminate between professional criminals and men who are charged with their first offense. Accordingly he asked, "Have you ever been arrested before, Mr. Johnson?"

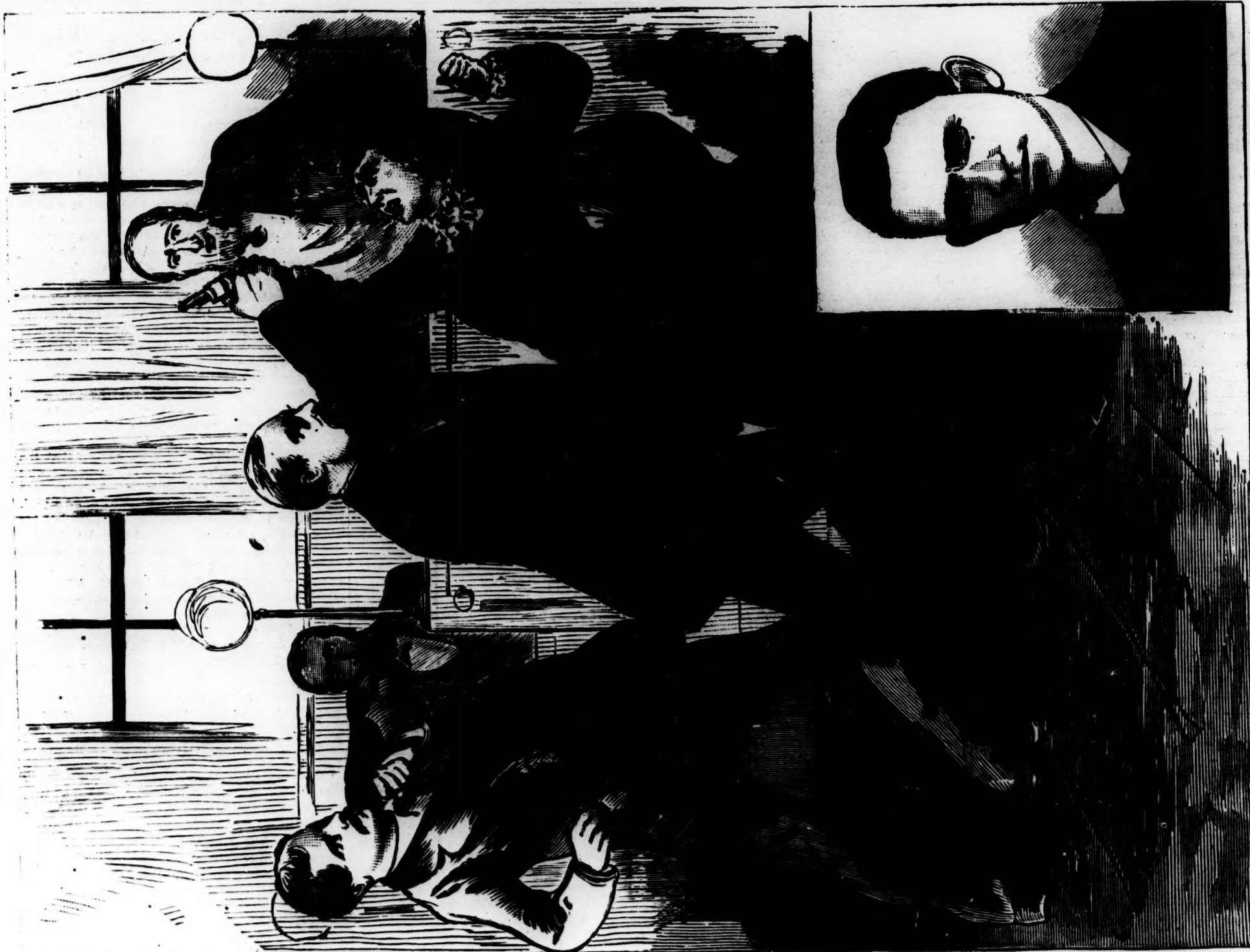
"Well, Judge," Johnson said, "I will make free with the accidents of my past life. Judge, to tell the truth, I was arrested before this sad occasion. I went out a skirmishing on election day. I went out, Judge, as a politician. But I got landed, Judge, suddenly. [Laughter.] Yes, sir; I got into a row, and was landed in a police station. I was sent to the Island, Judge, for three months, only for trying to be a politician." "Let us deal gently with the politician, your Honor," Mr. Russell said.

"I will take off three months, Mr. Johnson," Judge Cowing said. "from the term of imprisonment to which I intended to sentence you. I sentence you to state prison for one year and nine months."





BURIED ALIVE. TWELVE HUNDRED FEET UNDER GROUND—THE COLLIERY DISASTER AT SUGAR NOTCH, PA.  
—SEVEN MEN ENTOMBED IN THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH FOR SIX DAYS AND NIGHTS BY THE CAVING  
IN OF A MINE, SUSTAIN THEIR LIVES BY SUBSISTING ON MOLE MEAT, AND ARE FINALLY RESCUED BY  
THE DEVOTED HEROISM OF THEIR COMRADES.—SEE PAGE 7.



EXCITING FINALE OF A MEMORABLE CHICAGO MURDER TRIAL—PETER E. STEVENS, AFTER ESCAPING THE  
GALLOWS, BY THE GRACE OF A TENDER-HEARTED JURY, DOUBLES HIS LUCK BY A FORTUNATE EVASION  
OF DEATH AT THE HANDS OF THE FRANKIE MOTHER OF HIS SLAUGHTERED GIRL—WIFE.—SEE  
PAGE 7.





SILAS LEONARD'S DISCOVERY OF THE REMAINS OF HIS BROTHER JOSEPH, WHO WAS MURDERED BY INDIANS WHILE AVENGING THE SUPPOSED DEATH OF SILAS AT THEIR HANDS, NEAR CROW AGENCY, MONT.—SEE PAGE 4.



FATAL QUARREL ON HORSEBACK—DR. CRAIGHEAD CABELL, SHOOTS HIS FRIEND E. W. PALMER, DURING A DRUNKEN DISPUTE ON THEIR WAY HOME FROM COURT, NEAR CALLANDE, VA.—SEE PAGE 4.



THE DEFFARGE TRAGEDY—ALBERT DEFFARGE, A JEALOUS FRENCHMAN, DRIVEN TO DESPERATION BY HIS SUSPICIONS OF HIS WIFE'S FIDELITY, POISONS HIS TWO CHILDREN AND TAKES A FATAL DOSE OF THE SAME DEADLY DRUG, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 6.



## CURRENT CRIME.

Weekly Calendar of Conspicuous Offenses  
Against Person and  
Property.

## MURDER'S UGLY RECORD.

Discovery of a Frightful Crime, the Victim of which was First Butchered and his Body then Roasted by his Slayer.

## HOW BAIN WAS CAUGHT KNAPP-ING.

## MURDERED BY HIS DRUNKEN WIFE.

BOSTON, Mass., April 24.—John Shaw, a Providence pea-nut vender, was brutally murdered by his drunken wife last evening. It is supposed that Shaw was sitting at supper, and that his wife seized an ax and struck him from behind upon the skull, the blow felling him to the floor, and producing insensibility. The infuriated woman then probably stood over him and struck him blow after blow, as no less than twenty-five cuts were found upon him.

## A DESPERATE WIFE-MURDERER'S ESCAPE.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, April 29.—A dispatch from Iron-ton, Ohio, says a Mrs. Gates, supposed to have died in child-birth, was buried at Proctorville, twenty miles above Iron-ton, on Saturday. Two of her brothers, who suspected foul play, asked for an investigation by the coroner, and the arrest of Dr. Gates, her husband. The latter resisted arrest, and drove back the constable with a revolver. Gates then took to the river, and, at the point of the pistol, compelled the ferryman to carry him across, and drove back a pursuer who attempted to cross after him in a skiff. Gates escaped to Kentucky.

## INCENDIARY NEGRO DISPOSED OF.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., April 29.—A telegram from Stack-ville, Miss., says: On the morning of the 24th inst., a large barn belonging to Jordan Moore, who resides five miles south of this city, was burned to the ground. Suspicion pointed to a negro named Johnson Spencer, who was in the employ of Moore, and who was arrested for the crime, but on examination was acquitted, there being no positive proof of his guilt. Last night Mr. Moore's other mammoth barn containing wagons, provender, agricultural imple-ments, &c., was discovered in flames. This time the incendiary was caught, who proved to be a negro named Nevlin Porter. He confessed, and also implicated Johnson Spencer and others. To-day about a hundred men heard his confession and then hung him to a tree.

## PRIVATE EXECUTION IN ALABAMA.

TUSCUMBIA, Ala., April 25.—The first hanging in North Alabama under the new law requiring execu-tions to be private occurred here to-day under a tem-porary inclosure in the jail-yard, in the presence of Drs. Rand and Cooper and a few other persons, in- vited by Sheriff Jubals. Charles Rash (colored) killed his wife in August, 1877. He broke jail before trial, was recaptured and convicted in March, 1878. He shot his wife through the head, and the evidence was circumstantial, but conclusive. The colored popula- tion considered him guilty. He protested his inno- cence to the last, making no remarks on the scaffold, which he ascended unaided. The drop fell at nine minutes to three o'clock. Rash was attended by Father Joseph, of the Catholic Church, by whom he was baptized. His neck was broken by the fall of three feet. His pulse, after six minutes, beat 162 to the minute for several minutes. The heart beat for seventeen minutes. There was a large and disorderly crowd outside the jail-yard.

## THE LUM-TUM CAPAH IN BLIGHTED LOVE AFFAIRS.

BUFFALO, N. Y., April 26.—In the village of Canas- eraga, on the Erie railway, a few miles beyond Port- age, on Wednesday evening last, a young man named John Luce, in desperation caused by an unrequited love, shot the object of his affections, and afterward fired a pistol ball into his own brain. The young lady may recover, but the love-crazed youth died within a few hours after firing the fatal shot. Miss Lucy Wyman, a young woman of good family and good character, had the misfortune to kindle a spark of affection in Luce's heart, which she could not recip-rocate. In answer to the young man's declaration of love Miss Wyman frankly explained her feelings and expressed a willingness to maintain friendly re- lations as of old. Luce was not satisfied. Early on Wednesday evening he invited the young woman to take a walk with him. They went into the outskirts of the village, and Luce again avowed his love and urged a favorable answer to his suit. He met with a very positive refusal, whereupon he took a revolver from his pocket and fired direct at Miss Wyman. The ball entered her head. Hastening back to his own home, Luce sought his room and shot himself.

## THE POINDEXTER TRIAL.

The jury in the case of John E. Poindexter, on trial at Richmond, Va., for killing C. C. Curtis, on the 3rd of March last, returned a verdict on the 26th ult., of voluntary manslaughter, and assessed his punish- ment at two years in the penitentiary. At the re- quest of the prisoner's counsel further proceedings in the case were postponed until Monday, 28th. Curtis and Poindexter had a quarrel because the former was accused of having insulted, in the shoe-store in which he was engaged, Miss Isabella Cottrell, who is en- gaged to Poindexter. The latter went to the store and flogged Curtis, who the next day called upon Poi- dexter and attempted to shoot him, but Poindexter fired first and killed Curtis. The case has excited deep interest in Richmond, and in drawing a jury to try the accused, it was necessary to take the jurors from other cities than Richmond. On hearing the verdict, Poindexter, who had maintained a wonderful fortitude throughout, sank into his chair, burying his face in his hands and giving vent to his emotion in

tears. It is stated that a majority of the jury have already expressed a willingness to sign an appeal for his pardon in the event that a new trial is not al- lowed.

## A MILLIONAIRE'S UNFORTUNATE LIAISON.

KENOSHA, Wis., April 24.—The case of Mrs. Almira Knapp, an unprotected dress-maker, indicted for an assault with intent to kill upon Edwin Bain, the well-known wagon-maker, and the richest man in town, came to an end to-day. Mrs. Knapp was found guilty, as was believed she would be. She was recommended to the mercy of the court, and a motion for a new trial was entered. Public sentiment was against the woman from the first, as Mr. Bain gave employment to over 300 of the sturdy men of Kenosha. Mrs. Knapp is not over thirty-five years of age. She is a grass widow, and a Kentuckian by birth and educa- tion. She came to Kenosha seven or eight years ago with a shiftless husband. The two soon separated, and the husband drifted to parts unknown. Since then the woman has earned a precarious living by sewing, her main income being contributed by Bain and four other prominent and wealthy residents. On the evening of the 10th of December, 1878, Mrs. Knapp met the millionaire wagon-maker on the street in front of the Episcopal church. There was an excit- ing conversation, and then three pistol-shots in rapid succession. The rich man fell to the pavement, shouting "Murder!" at the top of his voice. The three shots were fired by the woman. The first two went wild and did no damage, but the third shot was an ugly one; it came within a hair's breadth of sever- ing the big artery of the right leg. The wounded man still limps from the effects of the shot. From the statements of the two principal actors it appears that the woman imperiously demanded money of the man; he refused to shell out; when she, after thrice warning him, commenced firing. The woman, after the assault, walked to the office of a lawyer named Quarles, for advice. Her breath was scented with the fumes of brandy. An officer disarmed her, and she was assigned apartments in the jail. She avowed to her few visitors "I intended to kill him, and I'm sorry that I did not do so. He was the same to me as a husband. He was very rich; I was very poor. It was his duty to liberally support me. He aban- doned me, and I had a right to kill him." No re- porters were allowed to interview her. When ar- raigned on preliminary examination the woman stated that she had fired the shots. Her bail was fixed at \$2,000. There was not one man in Kenosha willing to brave Bain's rage by going on her bail bond, and in consequence she has lived on prison fare from the day of the affray.

## SLAUGHTERED AND ROASTED.

AVA, Ill., April 24.—One of the most diabolical mur- ders that has ever been perpetrated in this county was committed last Monday night in the woods, about two and a half miles northwest of this place, the victim being one John Armstrong, a man twenty-two years of age, and who has been a resident of this vicinity all his life. The body was found on Tuesday morning by a young man named Alonzo Selmon, who was going to work near the spot where the bloody deed was en- acted, his attention being drawn to it by a patch of ground from which the leaves had been burned, and in the middle of which lay the murdered man. Mr. Selmon soon made his discovery known, and in a short time a number of persons were assembled at the place. An examination followed, which showed that the man had been shot through the lower part of the head, the ball entering at one corner of the mouth and coming out behind the ear. It is supposed to have been done with a rifle. Two deep gashes in the upper part of the head, inflicted with an ax or hatchet, were also found, and several knife wounds in the neck and throat, either of which would, perhaps, have proved fatal. After the perpetrator of the crime had finished his bloody work, he raked a pile of leaves over the body and set them on fire, in order, it is sup- posed, to conceal the identity of his victim. The un- fortunate man presented a horrifying appearance, being burned to a crisp in many places, his hands and arms being literally roasted, and the skin cracked open. The coroner was telegraphed for, but did not arrive until Wednesday morning. Mr. H. G. Loy, a justice of the peace, in the meantime had summoned a jury, and has been proceeding with the inquest since Tuesday evening, in a closed room. Two men have been arrested on suspicion, and circumstances seem to point toward them pretty strongly as the guilty parties, but so far it is only conjecture. Great ex- citement prevails. This morning the coroner's jury rendered a verdict in substance as follows: "That the deceased came to his death from wounds in the head, inflicted by a person or persons unknown, but sup- posed to have been Jonathan and Green Crews." The testimony of about fifty or sixty witnesses who were examined all goes to point to these men as the per- petrators of the crime, and although no positive proof was brought against them, a good chain of circum- stantial evidence has been gathered, and those who were admitted to the trial express the opinion that they will prove to be the guilty parties. Deputy Sheriff Fox left here for Murphysboro at one o'clock P. M. with the prisoners in charge, where they will be held for trial at the next circuit court.

## Suspected Assassin Captured.

COHOES, N. Y., April 30.—Elaire Latrimonelle, the suspected murderer of Catherine Dunsbach, who re- sided on the Dunsbach road, three miles from Cohoes, on April 5th, was captured in a blacksmith's shop in Millsboro, N. Y., by a Port Henry sheriff to-day, and is now on his way to this city in custody of Chief of Police Weidman. The prisoner is twenty-five years of age, and has a wife and two children living near St. John's, Canada.

Latrimonelle was sentenced in March, 1876, to four years' in Clinton Prison for burglary. He was re- leased only a few months ago. He was born in Can- ada, and bears the reputation of being a reckless thief. The evidence against him is considered conclusive, and a reward of \$500 was offered for his arrest and conviction.

## TIED TO A TRAMP.

A Bit of Romance which Oozed out Through a Private Divorce Suit, Revealing the Story of the Terrible Persecution to which the Stylish Wife of a Prominent Brooklyn- ite was Subjected by a Terrible Tramp, Once her Husband, whom she had Be- lieved to be Long Since Dead.

The Brooklyn Eagle tells the following story of "divorce without publicity."

In a suit not long ago before the Supreme Court of Brooklyn, facts were brought to view about some persons named in it of a most strange kind. Close on thirty years ago, a comely young lady of this city was wedded to a well-to-do young man, whose business was in New York. They lived happily together for some years, and had three or four children. At length the husband died, having first made a will, by which he bequeathed some \$60,000 to his wife, without lay- ing any charge upon her not to marry again. Mrs. B., as she may be called, sold out her dead husband's business, and still made her home in this city. She was a very handsome widow, her weeds becoming her well. Two or three years went by, and though many lovers sought her side, she was deaf to their whispers and not to be won by their promises.

About this time a dashing young fellow made his bow in Brooklyn society, among the set to which Mrs. B. belonged. He was well made, had a handsome face, dressed in style, and seemed to know almost everybody and everything. He and the widow met. It was a fatal meeting, for she took a fancy to the stranger, and he was

## NOT LOTH TO BE ENSLAVED.

They flirted and made love to each other for a few weeks, and then the widow married the man, of whom she knew really nothing, and installed him as master of herself and home. Three weeks of delight followed.

Then the honeymoon and the widow's dream of happiness ended together. The man whom she had taken to her heart turned out a drunkard and an idler, and spent every cent he could lay hold of in rum. He ran up bills at all the grog-shops around, and once and again his wife paid the score. Then she put her foot down and vowed she would do so no more. The husband stole her watch, her jewelry, her clothes, her furniture, and pawned them for liquor. He became a pest and an eye-sore to his wife and the neighbors. At last, when he found that his wife would give him no more money and pay no more bills, he raised a shameful uproar and struck her. She was going to have him caged, but forbore on his pledging himself to decamp. She gave him three hundred dollars, and lodged five hundred more to be paid to him after he had lived for three months in San Francisco. Thither he went, and drew the money after he had given proof that he had been there for the time named. Then he

## PASSED OUT OF SIGHT FOR MONTHS.

But not forever, for from time to time his wife in Brooklyn received letters from him in various parts of the United States, asking for money, which she sent him in sums of \$10 and \$20. She wrote to trust- worthy persons, and found that her husband was a dirty, drunken, hideous tramp, passing from one place to another with a horde of outcasts of the same kind.

Five years passed thus, and the wife saw nothing of her husband, though she had letters from him, as already said, a good many times. In the meantime she had joined an up-town Methodist Episcopal Church, and was one of its strong pillars. In the church was a wealthy widower, in a large way of business in one of the chief thoroughfares of the city, and dwelling in a costly home on the Hill. A warm friendship sprang up between the two, and before long the records of a New York court showed that the lady had got a divorce of some kind from her hus- band. The papers were said to be all regular, and an affidavit stated that the plaintiff had not seen the de- fendant for over four years or heard anything of his whereabouts. How the thing was fixed cannot be known, but the woman was made free, and thereupon married the widower already spoken of. The couple lived together in fine style, and everything was

## AS LOVELY AS IT COULD BE.

for a time, it may be safe to add. Months and years rolled by. The new husband, of course, thought the old husband was out of the way forever. The wife, perhaps, had her fears about it. At length, to her great joy, she got a letter from a stranger, who wrote that her husband had died in the writer's barn at such a time, and that he had buried him at an ex- pense of \$150. The stranger asked that the sum be sent him, and it was. Then had the mind of the woman rest, and she prayed at a meeting with strange fervor and sang the doxology so that all could hear her voice away top of all the others.

She was fond of beautiful flowers, and the garden in front of her home was always kept with much care. One Sunday morning in the early summer she was up betimes gathering the lovely roses and the sweet violets for a bouquet to place by the side of her hus- band on the breakfast table. As she stooped she became aware that a shadow had passed between her and the bright sunshine. She glanced up and saw a man standing on the sidewalk, grasping the railing, and

## LOOKING AT HER MOST FIERCELY.

She gave a start, almost a scream, and stepped back. The figure moved not. It was a frightful object that stood there. The hair was coarse, long and matted, and covered with a greasy straw hat. The beard was shabby and unkempt. The eyes were red and bleared. Patches of dirt were on the face. The clothes were ragged and foul, and the hands like a wild beast's claws. But in spite of the blood-shot eye and the dirt, and the claws and the rags, the half-fainting woman knew that the hideous being was her hus- band.

"Ah, you know me, I see?" he said. "You're well fixed, ain't you. A fine house, and a pretty garden, and a—husband that's respectable and don't drink. Ha, ha! you've done better than I have."

The wretched woman was about to rush into the

house, but the tramp shook the railings savagely and cried:

"Oh, I'll follow you in. I'll follow you, and let 'em know I'm alive and well. Look here," he added, as she paused, "bring me a handful of greenbacks and I'll go."

She felt in her pocket, but her purse not being there she turned towards the house. He seemed to know her object, and said:

"Be quick; I'll wait two minutes, not more."

In less time than that she was back, and laid a roll of bills on the stone, between the railings. Then she withdrew to the house. A week after this

## THE TRAMP WAS BACK AGAIN.

This time he came by night, and asked at the base- ment door for the mistress. Again she had to give him money. Then she refused to see him, and he hung around the spot for three days, peering into the garden, and even going close to the lower windows and putting his face to the glass to gaze in. Then he suddenly vanished, and the woman inside, who had been in dread for so many long, weary hours, felt a weight pass from her heart.

When her husband—well, be it so for this story—came home that evening he was very grave. After dinner he and his wife—let her go at that for the present—had a long and secret talk. This is what he had to tell her:

That afternoon while in his store, a wretched-look- ing tramp came in and forced his way up to the desk.

"You are Mr. Dash, I believe," said the tramp, ad- ding without a pause for an answer, "and I'm B."

"I don't see what that has to do with me," said Mr. Dash, not for a moment mindful that B. was the name of the woman whom he had married,

"Well, not much," the tramp answered,

"ONLY YOU MARRIED MY WIFE."

Dash was thunderstruck. The tramp saw it and en- joyed it.

"I'm not going to be troublesome," the tramp said, "but I have my rights. My wife is my wife still, for the divorce she got was all a sham and she swore to a lie when she swore that she did not know where I was. I have her letters, written to me within six months of the time she says she got her divorce."

The face of the man to whom the tramp was speak- ing was white. His tongue was so dry that he could not speak. His knees were shaking, and his feet dancing up and down, up and down, up to his brains and down again, a thousand times in a minute.

"Give me some money," said the tramp, "and I'll go away."

Mr. Dash lifted his desk, grasped some notes and handed them to the tramp. He put them into his pocket and slipped past the clerks and customers into the open air.

When Mr. Dash told his wife all this, she told him in return what had happened to herself. Strange enough, no plan was agreed on by which to curb the wretched man, or get rid of the cause of fear. Time and again the tramp called at Mr. Dash's office and got money. He was still the same filthy sot, no mat- ter how much

## MONEY WENT INTO HIS HANDS.

He never bought new clothes or took pains to make himself look even clean. He was never without whisky, except when he was without money, and he was never without money except when he was com- ing out of a long debauch. At length, however, Mr. Dash's grace failed, and he spurned the hateful drunkard. Then he haunted the house again up town, but a big, strong man was placed on guard with a club, and the tramp could only swear and rave and stamp at a distance. He took to another way, uglier and more dramatic. One Sunday night, when Mrs. Dash was quitting church, he stepped up and asked her for money, using a threat to show her up on the spot if she did not give him what he wished. Her trembling hand sought her purse, which she thrust out at him. At the door of the concert hall the tramp watched for her, and always

## WITH A DREADFUL THREAT UPON HIS LIPS.

When the grand Methodist reunion took place at the Academy of Music, not long ago, Mrs. Dash went thither in her carriage with her husband. As she passed up the steps amid the pious throng, a man in a slouched hat and a shabby cloak thrust his head alongside hers and hissed out the threat, "Give me the diamond ring on your finger, or I will follow you and introduce you."

The affrighted woman had nothing to do but tear off the ring and pass it to the foot-pad. And so this same dreaded peril—the unearthing of sham and fraud in a divorce—haunts this woman at all times. To this day the husband is around as a tramp, drawing money by threats, and boasting in gin-mills of his power to haul a big man down and ruin his wife whenever he chooses. The victim has been told what to do to ease herself of the burden, but she is afraid to act, lest the story now written should be told with the real names put in.

## Hangings Postponed.

HILLSBORO, N. C., May 1.—Henry Alphonse Davis (white), Henry F. Andrews (white), and Lewis Carlton (colored), the noted Chapel Hill burglars, who were to have been publicly executed here to-day for burglary committed at the University of North Carolina last year, were to-day respite until Friday, May 16, by Governor Jarvis. The Governor gives as a reason for his action that the prisoners, anticipating a commu- tation of sentence, have neglected to prepare their souls for eternity, and their lives are spared two weeks that they may prepare to meet their God. In forwarding the necessary papers to the sheriff, the Governor instructs that officer to say to the prisoners that he will not interfere further, and that they will surely be hanged on the 16th.

Robert Boswell, also sentenced, for the murder of his wife and two children, to be hanged to-morrow, is respite until October next, so that he may be used by the state as a witness against a colored woman who stands charged with the murder of her husband.

Bob Toombs, of Georgia, is in favor of carrying on cealed deadly weapons.



## LOATHSOME LEPERS.

Horrible Sight Exhibited upon an Inspection of the San Francisco Hospital for the Wretched Victims of

## THE AWFUL ASIATIC BLIGHT.

A Living Death Brought to Our Shores by the Moon-eyed Children of the Celestial Kingdom and Threatening

## BROAD-CAST CONTAMINATION.

Charles Warren Stoddard gives the following account, in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, of the horrible sights witnessed by him among the Chinese lepers in the hospital for that class of dreadful invalids near that city:

If you will kindly avoid, for once in your life, the broad road that leadeth to the Cliff House, and follow me in the straight and narrow way that ends abruptly at the Lazaret, I will show you what manner of man we have received from China and fostered in the heart of the city of San Francisco. It is a dreary drive over the hills to the pest-house. We have dropped in upon the Health Officer at his city office. Our proposed visitation has been telephoned to the doctor who is imprisoned with his leprosy patients on the lonesome slope of a suburban hill. As we get into the ragged edge of the city, among half-graded streets, bits of marsh-land and semi-rustic population, we ask our way. Yonder it lies. That high white fence on a hill sowed thick with stones, above a marsh once clouded with clamorous water-fowl, but now all, all under the spell of the quarantine, and desolate beyond description. The fence that surrounds the devil's acre, if I may call it such, is solid, even to the great gate that is shut across the road. We ring the dreadful bell—the passing bell—that is seldom rung save to announce the arrival of another fateful body clothed in living death. The doctor welcomes us to an inclosure that is utterly whitewashed. The detached houses within it are kept sweet and clean. Everything connected with the Lazaret is of the cheapest description; there is a primitive simplicity, a modest nakedness, an insulated air that reminds one of

## DECEMBER ON A DESERT ISLAND.

Cheap as it is, and unhandsome, the hospital is sufficient to meet all the requirements of the plague in its present stage of development; it has done good service in the small-pox epidemics; it may be destroyed by fire in the shortest possible time, for the water privileges are limited. But in that case the whole establishment might be rebuilt for less money than it has taken to keep a private property in Tar Flat tenanted during a single season. The doctor has weeded out the inclosure, planted it, hedged it about with the eucalyptus, and has already a little plot of flowers by the office window; but this is not what we came to see. One ward of the pest-house, the only one now occupied, is set apart for the exclusive use of the Chinese lepers, that have only recently been isolated. We are introduced to these unfortunate creatures one after another, and then we take them all in at a glance, or group them according to the various stages of decomposition or the peculiar character of their physical hideousness. There are at this present writing fifteen living, livid lepers in that Lazaret. These repulsive and dangerous fellows were, until quite recently, at liberty in this city. They are not all alike; some of them have begun to scale;

## THE FLESH IS WITHERING;

They are distorted, slightly; they are still cheerful; as fatalists, it makes very little difference to them how soon or in what fashion they are translated to the other life. There is one youth who doubtless suffers some inconvenience from the clumsy development of his case; that lad, aged about eighteen years, has a face that is swollen like a sponge saturated with corruption; his eye-lids are so bloated that he cannot raise them, and he is obliged to look down-hill over his cheeks. There is a dry leper who surprised the doctor one morning by taking a dull jack-knife and whittling off his great toe; he felt no pain and suffers no inconvenience; the member was dead before he parted with it. One of the lepers has a charred ruin where the nose should be; it looks as if it had been destroyed by fire! But there are two of the fifteen, who are as excellent specimens as have come under my eyes for many a day. I know not how long they have been ripening; I know that if these two human monstrosities could be introduced to a Brooklyn audience by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, he might preach until dooms-day and would never spirit away from the memory of his people the shadows of these ghoul. They have caked; their blood has curdled; masses of putrefying flesh have rolled up upon their faces like the hide of the rhinoceros, lapping told upon fold, moist with rheum. The lobes of the ears hang almost to the shoulders and resemble smoked honey-combs; the eyes when visible have an unearthly glance that transfixes you with horror; their hands are shapeless stumps that have

## LOST ALL HUMAN EXPRESSION.

One of these lepers, but a few weeks ago, was selling cigars in the Chinese quarter. The fifteen lepers at the Lazaret are to be returned to China. One of them lately said to the doctor, "What is the good of your sending me to China? There they will starve me to death!" Doubtless there are many lepers still in the Chinese quarter. Six years ago I was requested by the *San Francisco Chronicle* to visit a small mining camp in the interior. It was rumored that there were lepers in the camp. I went thither and found a Chinese village of one street and perhaps two hundred inhabitants. A white merchant, I believe, the only white one in the place, told me that they had had at one time ten lepers in the camp. No one seemed to know from whence they came. They

lugged on the opposite bank of a creek that flowed by the village. They came down to the stream twice a day and cried for bread; not the same number at all times, but at one time as many as ten; their own people turned a deaf ear to their cry; this white man fed them from his store, laying provisions on the bank and retiring, when the lepers crossed the stream, received their food and withdrew to the quarantine. Some of them died; ultimately they all disappeared and the premises were burned to the ground. Whenever you find a Chinese camp of any considerable size you may safely look for leprosy in one stage or another. I have visited leper settlements from Molokai to Damascus; I have seen lepers that were falling to pieces before my very eyes, rotting away visibly; I find here in San Francisco two specimens that need not fear to compete for the championship with any two lepers on the face of the globe. The glorious climate of California may have something to do with it; but that the leprosy is with us and flourishes, is beyond question. Let the little kingdom of Hawaii give us warning; it is a trifling affair; a mere handful of people, scarcely enough to fill a fifth-rate city, but in it we see the astonishing and frightful spectacle of a whole race

## STEPPED TO THE CORE IN LEPROSY!

Dr. Hillebrand of Honolulu, a resident since 1851, writes that leprosy was thought to be unknown in the Sandwich (Hawaiian) Islands until 1853; on the closest scrutiny it cannot be traced further back than 1848; it was introduced by the Chinese, the most active sowers of the seed; it spread immediately among the native population, who take every sort of epidemic religiously and sink under disease like helpless babes. The fate of that nation is sealed with a leprosy seal; it has numbered among its victims the half-white and the white. It is spreading hour by hour spite of the rigorous efforts of the Government to eradicate it. It has been proved beyond question that cohabitation almost inevitably results in the propagation of the plague; it has been proved in many cases that the disease is, under certain conditions, contagious; it is "the fretting leprosy of a garment!" Housed as I was for eight days under the lee of the leper settlement on Molokai, the air that blew down upon me night and day was fetid like the air of a charnel house. It seemed to me that superstitious organizations might in that atmosphere become infected. I know of a woman of Hawaii who married a leper. She showed perhaps a morbid taste in her selection of a partner, but it is a taste too easily acquired to be lightly spoken of. Her leper died of his plague. She married a second time one who was not leprosy, but who speedily became so and died of his plague. Again she married a clean husband, and duly buried him with his plague. At this stage in her career, having become herself leprosy to the core, she was banished to that deadly shore whence no leper returns in the flesh. At the leper settlement on Molokai there is a school-house where a big leper teaches the young idea how to be leprosy. Tuberculated police arrest ulcerous offenders who overstep the modesty of leprosy—which a leper is very apt to do. And then I saw a group of chanting cherubs breathing their souls away in piety, poetry and putridity over a leprosy copy of Henry Ward Beecher's "Plymouth collection." Thirty years has sealed the fate of the Hawaiian nation. May we not eventually come to this, Mr. Beecher, with the

## POSSIBLE SPREAD OF THE PLAGUE?

Mr. Beecher has said to his flock, in his eulogy on the Mongolian, "Do you know that in good manners, much as we boast, they lead the world?" On the contrary, I know nothing of the sort. A Chinese gentleman is much like any other gentleman—to wit, a gentleman—but the proportion of Chinese gentlemen in the Chinese quarter is about one to one thousand. That the average coolie has the instinctive good breeding of a native of the Pacific islands (you call them savages), I emphatically deny. It is too evident that Mr. Beecher, in common with his apostles and sympathizers in the Eastern States, don't know that our fifteen lepers have a kitchen garden within the inclosure of the Lazaret; they tend it with pathetic devotion; every drop of urine is carefully preserved and sprinkled upon the budding leaves; it is the universal custom of an empire that "had a civilization existing long before our civilization was thought of." Every Chinese garden in this city may be regarded as a urinarium; the vegetables that are brought to our doors are freshened with animal fluids; we have fed on the uriferous cabbage. This may be thrift, but it is not "good manners." Nor is there much evidence of good will or good manners betrayed in the street-cars of San Francisco when they are occupied by the Chinese, who permit a lady to stand on the platform and refuse to rise when so requested by the conductor. I have witnessed this silent expression of their sentiments. In China, today, there is need of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Christians; Catholic martyrs are

## NUMBERED BY THE SCORE;

missionaries are publicly stoned; the Chinese dog dies naturally at the heel of the white man. "Good manners," Mr. Beecher, but not better than ours. Mr. Beecher may assert that the Chinese quarter of San Francisco is not more distressful than the tenement quarter of New York. Granted. If we cannot save those who are already with us, in God's name why do we encourage an influx of people who sink naturally and contentedly to that unwholesome state? They may be, as Mr. Beecher says, "masters of banking, masters of commerce—our equals in all kinds of business." Why invite rival labor when we are already unable to employ ourselves? When the tide sets in we shall be swept before it. We are meat-eaters; they are to a great extent vegetarians. It is an unfair competition, over-balanced by the copious micturition of 400,000,000 subjects of the Flowery Kingdom. What else have we to dread? The unaccountable infestation of the plague. The morbid passions increase with the development of leprosy. At Molokai there is marrying and giving in marriage when the bride and groom are so mutilated that there are hardly members enough between them to the building of one complete and perfect body. I have

seen a youth, as yet untainted, under the spell of a leprosy woman who charmed him like a cobra; he knew that he was toying with death; he loved her a thousand times more for

## HER UNLIKENESS TO ANYTHING HUMAN.

The Princess Belgiojoso in her "Asie-Mineure et Syrie," writes thus of a scene she witnessed at a leper house in Jerusalem: "Never in my life shall I forget a leprosy young girl scarcely beyond the years of childhood, and already completely disfigured by the malady, tranquilly seated on the knees of a sort of Titan, scarcely human either in form or proportions, and unable to articulate an intelligible word. He approached his swollen lips to the child's pendent ears to make himself heard by her. I noticed that she seemed to listen with pleasure, and a flicker of the muscles in her face would have passed for a smile had this expression of feeling been possible; from this I concluded that my eyes were contemplating an unpleasant but respectable picture of paternal and filial tenderness. 'This child is yours?' I remarked to the colossus. He made out to utter an unintelligible grunt; the child, however, taking it upon herself to set forth her own pretensions, drew herself up and replied, 'I am his wife—more than a month ago.' The expression of satisfied vanity that excited his hideous visage at the thought of the long duration of her empire, a sort of glare which for a moment trembled in the husband's dismantled eyes—all this produced such a horrible effect on me, mingled with pity and disgust, that I

## "BROUGHT MY VISIT ABRUPTLY TO A CLOSE."

In a disreputable quarter of San Francisco a conflagration and the subsequent confusion brought to light a secret passage that connected the house with the house adjoining occupied by Chinese. The private entrance to this bagnio was, of course, necessary in order to retain the quality of custom that entered by the other door. The fact exists that through the prostitution of the body we may look for the fruitful source of the plague. Nor is the miscegenation confined only to the unlicensed quarter, for scandals have burst upon us from unsuspected domiciles of undoubted respectability. Ah, let but the morbid appetite be quickened and we shall see how a leper may outcharm the charmer charming never so wisely; for in her dishonor she is more seductive than weak woman in the fold. It is disgust that turns to pity; pity to love; love to lust—and there you are, Mr. Beecher! I know it, I am sure of it; I have seen it with my own eyes! Once in the embrace of this Circe, nor cedar wood, nor hyssop, nor clean birds, nor ewes of the first year, nor measures of fine flour, nor offerings of any sort shall cleanse us forevermore. Mr. Beecher has said, "Mark my words, by and by there will be thunder in the Capital of the nation. With the Gospel at the top and industry at the bottom, the country will be safe." Possibly, Mr. Beecher. Now mark my words! By and by there will be forked lightning in the Capital. With incompatible Chinese industry at the bottom and the Gospel according to Henry Ward Beecher at the top, look out for squalls! Gentlemen, the Philistines are upon us, and they have brought with them the burden of a plague more awful than the fear of hell!

## Audacious Raid on a Bank.

PITTSBURG, Pa., April 30.—At twelve o'clock to-day the various officers of the Working Men's Savings Bank of Allegheny, went to dinner, leaving Cashier George L. Walter, alone. In a few minutes two rough-looking men came in. One stayed at the door, and the other one asked Walter to change a dollar bill. Walter handed the change through the window. The man whipped out a revolver and put it against Walter's head, and said he would kill him if he moved. Walter grabbed the revolver, and after a struggle, got possession of it and jumped behind a little partition. The man at the door came forward with a cocked revolver and said he would shoot Walter if he gave an alarm. Both robbers jumped over the counter and attempted to seize \$15,000 in bills, but Walter fired at them three times and fought them back over the counter.

The robbers ran out of the bank, followed by Walter. One ran to the Allegheny river, followed by a crowd. When he got to the foot of the river bank several of the pursuers tried to catch hold of him, but he pointed his revolver at them and they fell back. Two boys happened to be at this place in a skiff, and the man jumped in and said he would shoot them if they did not row him over the river. They complied, but before they could cross, the Pittsburgh police were on the alert and waiting for him to land. He told the boys to row him up alongside of the steamer Paul Miller, which was moored near the Pittsburgh side, and the man jumped off and went into the steamer. In a short time over twenty detectives were searching for him, and for three or four hours the search was continued on the steamer, but no trace could be found of the man. It is supposed he was an expert swimmer and got ashore. The other man also escaped.

It is said the men got about \$1,000 in money, but the bank people cannot tell yet.

## Another Georgia Tragedy.

ATLANTA, Ga., May 1.—A thrilling incident of the Cox trial, to-day, was the incoming of a bailiff, who announced that Colonel John W. Sparks, a prominent citizen, had just been shot by his son-in-law, D. Tye, and was then in a dying condition. These men were partners in pork-packing together, but had long been at variance. An old and bitter feud existed between them. At the slaughter-pen this evening they had a quarrel. Tye says that Colonel Sparks advanced on him with a huge knife in his hand, with a threat of killing him. He (Tye) drew his pistol and fired three shots in self defense. One of the shots entered Sparks's back and came out near the left groin. Tye at once came to the city and gave himself up. He is now in jail. The news of this case was kept from the Cox jury, but it created great excitement in the courtroom. Both men stood well.

## CARRIE'S COURAGE.

A Plucky Young Ohio Heroine, Discovering a Sturdy Tramp Engaged in Robbing the House of her Employer in Charge, of which she had been Left alone, Undauntedly Tackles him Single-Handed, Wounds him with a Revolver and Compels him to Drop his Plunder and Make a Hurried Exit.

## [Subject of Illustration.]

LEBANON, O., April 25.—A desperate struggle, which makes of Miss Carrie Roberts a heroine, took place at the residence of G. H. Kitchen, a farmer living one mile this side of Monroe, this county, at an early hour this morning. Mr. Kitchen is a well-to-do farmer, having no family but his wife and the girl, Carrie Roberts, who is employed as a domestic in his household. This morning Mr. and Mrs. Kitchen went to Hamilton to attend to some business matter, leaving the house in charge of the girl, Roberts. Some hired men were working in the fields some distance away from the house, but the girl was the only person at home. When Mr. Kitchen and his wife had been some time gone, and the girl was engaged in attending to some duties up-stairs, she thought she heard a noise in a room below, and coming to the top of the stairway and looking down she perceived a strange, ill-looking man, of the genus tramp, engaged in ransacking a bureau-drawer in the sitting-room. The girl knew that there was a large amount of money stowed away in a tin box, which box was concealed in this bureau. Besides the money there was a lot of jewelry belonging to the family in the same place. The brave girl's resolve was instantly taken, and while the robber was engaged in transferring the valuables from the box to his pockets he was astonished by the girl suddenly

## SPRINGING UPON HIM LIKE A TIGRESS.

Fastening her hands in his hair she endeavored to wrench the box from his clutches. For a moment he was almost dumbfounded, but he finally recovered himself and began to try and release himself from the girl's hold. But this he was unable to do, although he dragged the game and plucky maiden through a hall-way into the dining-room. She still held on to him, clinging so closely that he was unable to strike or push her as he would to release himself. With remarkable coolness and presence of mind, when the strange pair had reached the dining-room, the girl remembered that there was a revolver on the top of the clock. For a moment she let go her hold upon the tramp, and, getting upon a chair, she succeeded in finding the weapon and commenced blazing away without ceremony. The first shot caught the robber in the hand, and he dropped the treasure that he still held. He then commenced to beat a retreat.

## THE GIRL STILL FIRING AT HIM.

Finally he got into the yard, scaled the garden fence and got away. From the dining-room to the fence where he climbed into the road he left bloody marks, showing that he was pretty badly wounded. Carrie, after the departure of the villain, did not swoon, but gathered up the money and jewelry and then, going into the yard, rang the dinner-bell. Presently the farm laborers came in, and, learning how affairs stood, they started in pursuit of the thief. Up to this writing no clue leading to his identity has been discovered. Mr. Kitchen returned from Hamilton, and was in Lebanon this afternoon. Your reporter conversed with him and was shown a long letter written by Miss Carrie to her brother, since dinner time, describing, minutely, the whole affair. This young lady would have made a good Amazonian warrior. No effort will be spared to bring the daring rascal who has perpetrated this outrage to even severer justice than he has already received.

## Alexander Cohen, Absconding Forger.

## [With portrait.]

Some two weeks since Alexander Cohen, a prominent insurance agent, of Milwaukee, Wis., was discovered to be missing. As his affairs were known to be in a somewhat crooked condition he was at first believed to have committed suicide, especially as he left a letter to his wife acknowledging that he was a forger to a large amount and declaring that he should take his life on that account. It is now known positively, however, that so far from entertaining any suicidal intent, he has simply absconded with the proceeds of his rascality, and Chief of Police D. Kennedy, of Milwaukee, publicly offers a reward of \$100 for his apprehension, information regarding him to be sent to the chief. His portrait is given elsewhere in this issue. He is described as being fifty years of age, five feet six inches in height, and weighing about 150 pounds. He is of slim build, and has strongly-marked Jewish features, sallow complexion, dark hair, side-whiskers and mustache tinged with gray. He wore dark clothes and a stiff round-crowned hat. No clue to his whereabouts has been obtained at this writing. It is supposed that he has gone to Canada.

The German Exchange Bank of Milwaukee, which holds about \$4,000 of the forged papers, has also offered a reward for his apprehension. The amount of money he has decamped with must be at least \$8,000 or \$10,000, and perhaps much more. The following are the forgeries perpetrated by him, which have thus far been brought to light: Three notes, one held by Mr. Rathyer, traveling agent for Sulverman Clothing House, for \$3,800. The German Exchange Bank holds another for \$4,000, and Herman Segnitz possesses the third for \$2,000, all of which have the forged indorsements of Zellner & Bonns, real-estate agents. Cohen has also been obtaining cash on worthless checks for amounts ranging from \$190 to \$800 from personal friends during the past few days. He represented the following insurance companies: The British American Assurance of Toronto, Canada; Fireman's of Newark, N. J.; Germania of New York; Glenn's Falls of New York; Lancashire of Manchester, England; Merchants' of Newark, N. J.; Reverse of Boston, and the Safeguard of New York.

The Boston policemen are to wear broad-brimmed, low-crowned straw hats this summer.



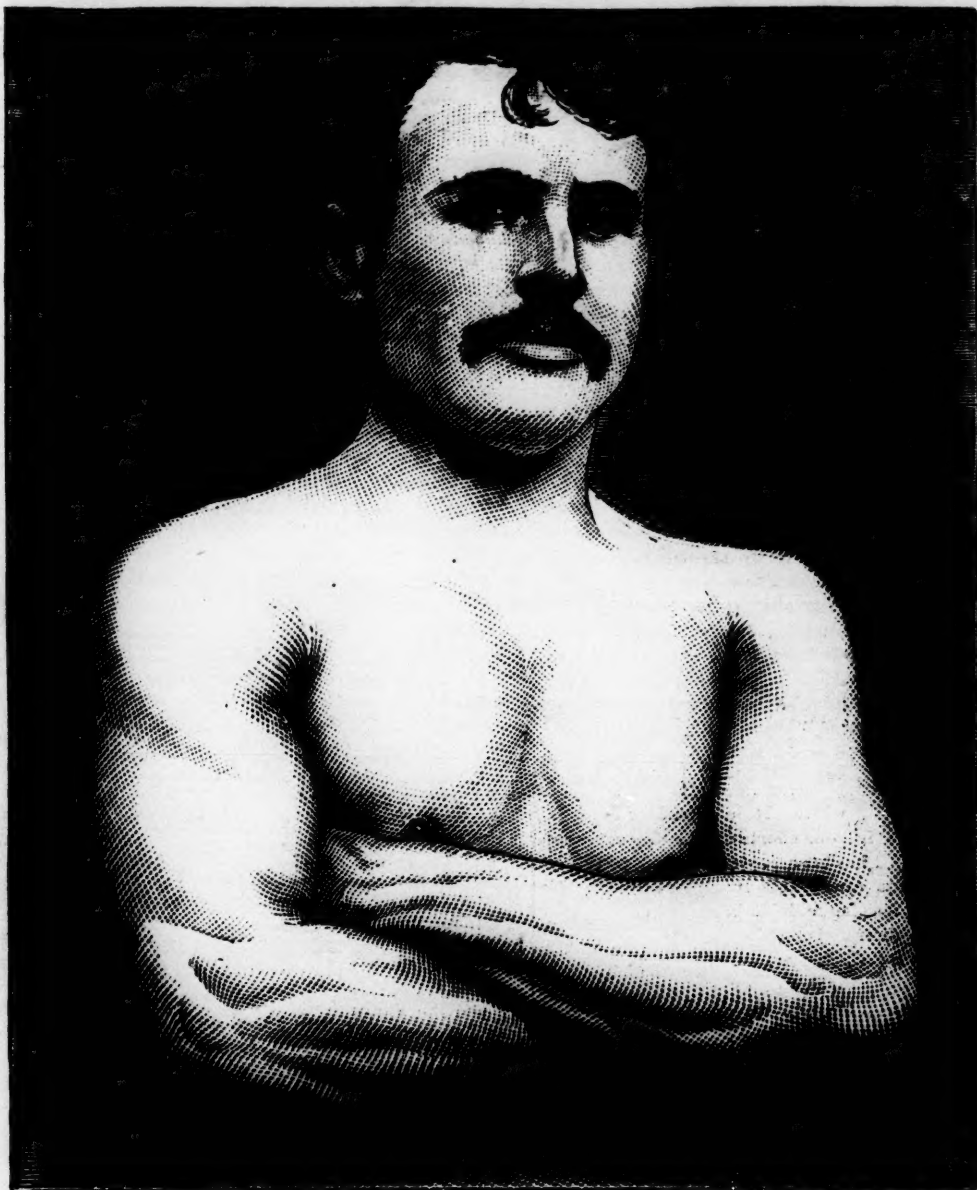
## A Young Girl's Mysterious Death.

[Subject of Illustration.]

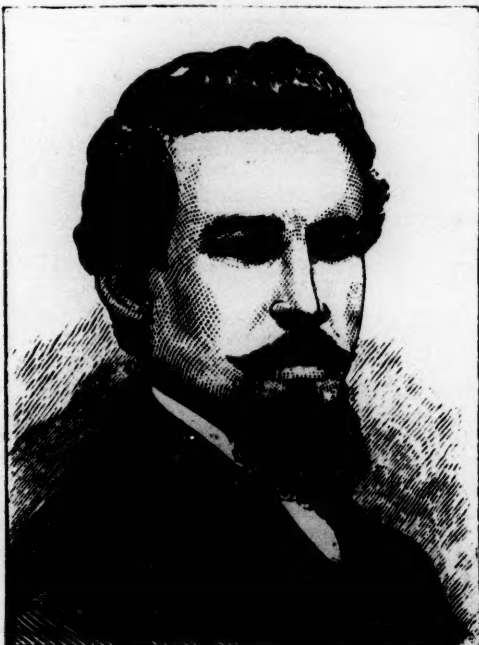
INDEPENDENCE, Mo., April 26.—This city was thrown into a state of excitement this evening by the intelligence that the body of a young girl, with hands and feet tied, had been taken out of the Missouri River, some miles below here, on Sunday, 20th. The body was recognized as that of Ella Ryder, daughter of a farmer living several miles south of where the body was found. The only tangible theory as to how she came to her death that can be got at at present is as follows: For some time past the girl had been keeping company with a man named Todd, of very dissipated habits, very much against her father's will, and a few days ago she and her father suddenly disappeared, and nothing was heard of either until the finding of the girl's remains. Since then the general impression is that her father, in a fit of desperation, bound her and threw her into the river, and afterward drowned himself or else ran away. Although no trace of the father's body has been found, it is generally believed that he has committed suicide, as he had often been heard to say that unless his daughter discontinued the company of Todd he would kill himself. There were no evidences of violence upon the person of the deceased, except the cords which bound her hands and feet. The body looked as though it had been in the water about a week. When found, it was lodged on some drift-wood against the bank.

## Seduction Extraordinary.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., April 25.—The suit of Mrs. Charles Adams against Henry Abert, for alleged attempted seduction, since the developments of yesterday afternoon when it was given in evidence that Hon. A. M. Thomson, of the Chicago Tribune, had met Mrs. Adams by appointment in an assignation house, has created an interest beyond any scandal trial of years. This morning the county court-room was packed by a crowd anxious to gulp in the very latest morsel of the



LUCIEN MARC, GRÆCO-ROMAN WRESTLER, ANTAGONIST OF COL. JOHN McLAUGHLIN AND ANDRE CHRISTOL.—SEE PAGE 7.



THOMAS MURPHY, MURDERER OF JOHN MCGAULEY, AND FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE, NEW YORK CITY.

sensation, but nothing of special interest was developed. It seems that Mrs. Adams first became acquainted with Mr. Thomson by carrying dinner to her husband, who was at work painting Mr. Thomson's

residence here. The principal witness in the case to day was Mr. Henry Abert, the defendant. His story, as told upon the stand, was as follows:

"I am book-keeper for my brother, George A. Abert, in his foundry. My attention was first called toward Mrs. Adams by her passing the office with Mrs. Tait and by their flirting their handkerchiefs at me, smiling, etc. The day of the occurrence charged against me, Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Tait passed by and flirted their handkerchiefs, and I followed them. On catching up with them I said 'Good morning,' and Mrs. Adams returned the salutation. I offered to carry the ladies' bundles and baskets, but they said they could do it just as well. We walked along, chatting and laughing, until we came to Mrs. Adams' residence, and then we all went in. Mrs. Tait remained but a few minutes, and Mrs. Adams went out with her when she went away. Then Mrs. Adams returned to her front room where I was, shut the door which led into a rear room, and came and stood by me where I was looking at some pictures in an album. Then I went to a lounge and sat down, and she came and sat beside me. Then she began kissing and hugging me. I asked her if she meant business. She said

she did; but not then, for she was unwell. Then she said that I must come again in a few days, and we agreed upon a way that the blinds should be fixed if the coast was clear and everything all right. I asked her if she was married and she said yes. I told her I was afraid I might get into trouble, and she said 'Oh, no; I can take care of everything; there is no danger from anyone.' I got up to go, and she began to hug and kiss me again, and when we got to the door she hugged and kissed me some more. Then I left, and I never went back, for I was afraid of her some way."

The cross-examination developed nothing of interest.

## A Charming Clerical Ouss.

UTICA, N. Y., April 27.—Rev. G. B. R. Clarke, pastor of the Universalist church at Rome, N. Y., was recently accused of immoral conduct and dismissed from his charge. Clarke pleaded insanity as an excuse, and underwent treatment for lunacy. The claim of insanity is understood to be a subterfuge to escape punishment. He is now in a sound condition of mind, and having, as is alleged, again allowed his wicked passion to run away with him, a trustee of the church has preferred charges against the accused

preacher before the Committee on Fellowship, Ordination and Discipline of the Universalist State Convention. Rev. A. B. Hervey, of Troy; Hon. A. H. Prescott, of Herkimer, and J. G. Jones, of Rome, were appointed a sub-committee to try Clarke. The case will be heard in this city during the third week in May.

The charges are elaborate, and cover about every imaginable grade of moral rottenness. Clarke is young, well educated and handsome, and a great favorite with the ladies. He boarded at the best hotel in Rome, and, not content with making love to the servant girls, it is said, carried his devilry to the extent of corrupting children in the hotel. The evidence in the case was first worked up by the district attorney of the county. The committee that tries Clarke will have access to this evidence.

One specification is that the clergyman secreted himself in a room leading off the bridal chamber of the hotel, and subsequently made improper advances to a bride, and betrayed the fact of his guilty eavesdropping. Notwithstanding the fact that the main points of the charges against him are known to his parishioners, many assert his innocence. Clarke carries himself brazenly, and says this is a conspiracy as damnable as the one against Henry Ward Beecher. Another specification is that Clarke paraded the hotel corridor late at night without even the garment worn by Theodore Tilton in his famous picture-hanging expeditions. One witness will come from California to testify against the accused pastor. The Universalists will prosecute the case vigorously.

## Horse-Thief Killed.

SIDNEY, Neb., April 29.—Late last night Joe Smith, a horse-thief and member of the notorious "Doc" Middleton gang, was mortally wounded by the sheriff of this county and a posse of officers, while resisting arrest within a mile of town. He was brought here and expired within three quarters of an hour without making any confession. Later it was learned that Middleton had been with him all day and witnessed the shooting at a distance of twenty-five yards, and



MISS EVA ROBERTS, SHOT AND KILLED BY HER LOVER, JOHN BELL, AT GIFFORD, IOWA.

immediately fled, escaping in the darkness. A posse of officers are now on his trail, which leads toward the South Platte, and his capture is almost certain. Great excitement prevails.



A YOUNG GIRL'S MYSTERIOUS DEATH—THE BODY OF MISS ELLA RYDER, WHO IS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN MURDERED BY HER FATHER, TO PREVENT HER FROM MARRYING A FORBIDDEN SUITOR, FOUND STRANDED ON THE BANK OF THE MISSOURI RIVER, NEAR INDEPENDENCE, MO.



A VICTIM OF THE LAW.

Singular Story of William Habron's Narrow Escape from the Gallows by the Confession of the Phenomenal Criminal, Peace, and who was Graciously Pardoned by the Queen for a Murder he Never Committed.

The case of Charles Peace, the criminal phenomenon, will long remain one of the most famous in English criminal annals, not alone because of the man's daring, cleverness and success—characteristics that have made him such a hero that already two London school-boys have narrowly escaped death by strangulation while "playing Peace"—but as well for the fact that his confession set at liberty an innocent man whom the hangman had measured and weighed for the rope! Hereafter the name of William Habron will take a conspicuous place on the list of the innocent victims of the criminal law. He was a boy of eighteen, one of three brothers, Irish laborers, in the employ of Mr. Deakin, a nursery gardener at Whalley Range, near Manchester, when on the 2nd of August, 1876, a policeman named Cook received a revolver bullet under the ribs, and died without positive statement as to his assailant. The Habrons were, according to the police, all turbulent, troublesome fellows, whom Cook had arrested, or threatened to arrest, and they had been heard to declare that they would "do for" him; hence suspicion was directed to them, and they were arrested the same evening. Some percussion caps were found in William's pocket, and his boots fitted some foot-prints noticed near

THE SCENE OF THE SHOOTING.

This was the sum of the evidence against him, and, on it, the jury convicted him of murder, and he was sentenced to be hanged, though, as was pointed out, people in low life make just such threats daily without intending at all to carry them out literally. There was not a particle of evidence to show Habron had ever had a pistol, and the boots being machine-made there were doubtless scores of people in the vicinity whose foot-prints would correspond with those found near the scene of the murder. His brother John was acquitted and his brother Francis not even indicted. The judge was not "altogether satisfied" with the verdict, and the Home Secretary, in consideration of the prisoner's youth, recommended a commutation of the sentence to life-imprisonment. He all along protested his innocence, but no official seems to have considered the theory that he was innocent worth working upon, and when the prison doors closed on him that was the last of the case till Peace, on the eve of the execution, confessed that he was

THE MURDERER OF THE POLICEMAN.

A gun-smith found that the bullets with which Cook and Dyson were killed were alike and of a peculiar construction; they fitted Peace's revolver, and the dealer, who, "to the best of his belief," thought Habron had bought cartridges of him in June, 1876, had never had any such bullets in his stock. The end of the investigation was that Habron was given a "pardon," the evidence on being looked at again being found very slight. His old employer, who always asserted his belief in the youth's innocence, has given him his old place, and it is supposed the Crown will make some compensation in money for his imprisonment of nearly three years.

At a quarter past five on the morning of March 18th, Habron was awakened at Portland Prison, but ere he had joined his gang, was sent for to the Governor's room, weighed, dressed in other clothing and told to accompany some other prisoners about to be transferred to Millbank. Lest the shock should be too great for his nerves he was handcuffed on the cars and handcuffed he arrived at Millbank, where he got perhaps an inkling that something had happened, from an attendant's saying, "Habron, don't you know me? I'm very glad to see you back." While the attendant had gone for the Governor and Mr. Deakin, Habron narrowly escaped being marched off and set to picking oakum with his transferred companions.



MISS ADA CAVENDISH, STAR ACTRESS AS "ROSALIND."

(Photographed by Sarony.)

"Then the door opened and I saw Mr. Deakin and the Governor, and

"KNEW I WAS FREE."

C. 1847, became William Habron, and stepping into the open air heard from the newsboys that England was fighting two wars. Habron is described as "a quiet, civil, well-spoken youth, of no special education or refinement, of course, but respectful and singularly undemonstrative in his manner." His employer says he and his brothers were orderly and saving, and regularly sent their money to support their parents. From August 1, 1876, the young man had not drawn a breath of free air; for ten weeks he had lain under sentence of death, and Marwood had visited him to note his weight and the conformation of his neck. "It was a dreadful ten weeks, and if it had not been for the priest I do not know how I should have lived on at all. As it was, I prayed day and night, and never quite lost hope." Four months he was picking oakum, and afterward he was employed in the quarries. "And all lost—I came out of prison just as ignorant and helpless as when I went in, while other men have learned how to get their bread without lifting and dragging tons weight."

Tramps Pursued by a Vigilance Committee.

(Subject of Illustration.)

TIFFIN, Ohio, April 24.—Two tramps, who were arrested yesterday for insulting some ladies, were discharged from custody last night and escorted out of the city limits by officers. When the officers were leaving them they told the tramps to look out, as the Vigilants were after them. Scarcely had the officers left them when about forty disguised men, armed with guns and pistols, sprang from their concealment in pursuit of the tramps. Then followed a scene which baffles description. Such yelling, hooting, and firing of guns at the fleeing fugitives has never been known in this city. The tramps ran as for their lives, expecting every moment to be overtaken and strung up. Some woods near by offered shelter, which they eagerly sought, and were soon lost to the view of their pursuers, who returned to the city, satisfied that two tramps at least will never visit Tiffin again.

Horrible Deed of an Insane Mother.

JAMESTOWN, Ky., April 26.—Mr. Dan. Carr, who lives on Greasy Creek, a tributary of the Cumberland River, arrived here this morning, and reports a horrible affair that occurred about three miles from the mouth of the former stream late last evening. Mrs. Elias Fitch, who is the mother of three children, aged respectively eight, five and two years, has for some time been verging upon insanity, and, in consequence, her husband and friends have been in constant dread of evil consequences. Yesterday their fears were realized, as Mrs. Fitch, in a moment of frenzy, killed the youngest child with an ax, and severely injured the other two children. The first she carried to a small branch, after the bloody work, and disposed of it by throwing it into the water. While she was absent, the eldest child recovered, and by loud screams succeeded in bringing help, and the two remaining children were saved by the neighbors. Mrs. Fitch was found wandering in the woods, totally deranged and ignorant of what she had done. She is now in close confinement.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., April 26.—Last night William Boulange, a boot-black, a native of Manila, attempted to shoot Pauline Christian, a servant girl, who had repulsed his attentions. He fired a shot without effect. A policeman, attempting to arrest him, received a shot in the arm, and in turn shot Boulange in the face. The latter then fired at William Frey, the girl's employer, killing him. Boulange was locked up. His wound is not fatal.

A Warren, Mo., cow recently gave birth to a calf having a human head, covered with soft hair, while the body was natural. The creature had no brain, and it died soon after birth.



AN UNHEALTHY PLACE FOR TRAMPS—TWO INSOLVENT VAGRANTS, WHO HAD AMUSED THEMSELVES BY INSULTING LADIES, AT TIFFIN, O., AFTER BEING ESCORTED OUT OF THE TOWN BY OFFICERS AND PURSUED BY AN ARMED VIGILANCE COMMITTEE, BARELY ESCAPE WITH THEIR LIVES BY FIRST-CLASS PEDESTRIANISM, "GO AS YOU PLEASE."



## THE PHANTOM FRIEND;

OR,

## The Mystery of the Devil's Pool.

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK CITY.

BY S. A. MACKEEVER.

Author of "PRINCE MARCO; OR, THE CHILD SLAVE OF THE ARCADE," "THE NEW YORK TOMBS—ITS SECRETS AND ITS MYSTERIES," "THE S-A-M LETTERS," AND "POPULAR PICTURES OF NEW YORK LIFE."

[The Phantom Friend,] was commenced in No. 67. Back numbers can be obtained of any News Agent, or direct from the Publisher.]

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]  
CHAPTER XXIII.  
(Continued.)

"Bah!" the villain replied, regaining his composure and insolence, "what proof have you?"  
"A living witness of the deed. Look!"  
And again he opened the door. This time there came across the threshold Lizzie Kelly, her hollow eyes like caverns of fire. Back of her was Alice.  
As the burglar, thief and murderer staggered back like a wounded man, Lizzie advanced toward him until she reached the middle of the room.  
Then, stretching forth her arm, made so gaunt by illness that it seemed the member of a corpse, she said:  
"That is the man."  
"You are my prisoner," said Flick, placing his hand on Calvin's shoulder and presenting the warrant which Jules had had already prepared, based on the deposition of Lizzie.

CHAPTER XXIV.  
REPARATION AT LAST.

He made a motion as if to escape, but officers appeared as if by magic. He was in a circle of blue and brass and heavy "locusts" and determined visages. He had no arms or he would even then have made his life very dear for those who would then have been forced to take it.  
Nothing in human shape could ever look so much like a tiger at bay as did Calvin. His eyes almost started from their sockets; he foamed at his mouth; he tore at his throat as if he wanted air.

While in this most exalted position of rage, Alice, elegantly attired, drifted upon the scene as if it was a ball-room fete and she were saluting the company.

Most particularly did she courtesy to Calvin. This was too much. Two women had come from their graves on his wedding night, one to condemn him to death, and here was the third, she who, by her faithfulness, caused the murder, summoned to taunt him.

He uttered the howl of a beast and flew at her. Two policemen had him by the throat instantly.

"Don't hurt him," said Jules. "Justice has to do with him." As he said this he motioned Alice to retire, which she did gracefully, as if still carrying out the evening reception idea with devilish ingenuity.

The struggle was terrific, the man of the church getting upon the piano and shivering there with blanched face that, expressionless as it was, radiated the idea that of all places in the world just then that could be acceptable to him the outside of the house was the most preferable.

Back and forth across the room, upsetting the furniture, tearing the curtains, while the women cowered above—all save Laura, who was still in a swoon—until, at last, the handcuffs were clicked on the sinewy wrists, the desperado was tripped, and lay there on the floor amid the wreck with flecks of blood on his lips.

He said nothing but breathed hard and kept his eyes closed. Without waiting for a fee the clergyman vanished, or at least he was gone when Jules turned with one of those queer-looking gold pieces he seemed to be so plentifully supplied with lately, to give it to him.

All the officers save one, were ordered to wait in the hall, one being dispatched up-stairs to inform the ladies that no one was hurt, but that it would be desirable for them to remain there some time longer.

Flick and Dashington were listening eagerly to the wonderful story of the diver's first meeting with Flora.

"But what were you doing down there?" asked Flick.

"After the sunken treasure?"

Jules nodded.

Both Dashington and the officer laughed heartily, but at a sign from the diver, restrained their merriment.

Calvin was deathly pale, and more blood oozed from his lips.

"Take the cuffs off," said Flick to the officer, handing him the key. "There's no more fight in handsome Bill Hickman."

This was done. Jules leaned over his one time enemy and rival, over the most abandoned of men, and said—

"There is something in your face now, Calvin, which robs me of all further animosity."

The burglar opened his eyes and said—

"Do you know what that something is?"

"No—what?"

"It is death."

Jules dare not offer any encouragement, for if the stricken man did not really die of some internal strain or injury that he seemed to be suffering from, to live was but to face either the gallows or the prison for life.

He pretended not to hear the remark, but directed a pillow to be placed under Calvin's head, handed him his own handkerchief with which to staunch the blood that came slowly oozing through his teeth.

Then he returned to the sofa where the reporter and the sergeant were sitting, and continued his story about the gold in the Devil's Pool, watching Calvin all the time as he lay with his pale face upturned from the pillow, for he knew the devilish cunning of the man, and one taste of his gigantic strength was enough.

Jacques was up-stairs quieting the fears of the female folk and explaining that they would go just so soon as the desperate bridegroom was ready to be moved.

"Yes, sir; after the sunken treasure," continued Jules, "as I had been before."

"And found it a Captain Kidd's story, I suppose?"

"You're right—I found it a Captain Kidd's story."

He looked at them closely. There was silence.

Then he went on leisurely, "and what's more, I found the money?"

"How much?" This from both scribe and officer.

Jules whispered the amount. They looked stupefied for a moment, and then these good fellows shook him cordially by the hand, and wished him all the happiness in the world.

It was at this moment that Calvin attempted to rise on his elbow, and as he did so the blood spurted from his mouth over the carpet.

"A hemorrhage!" cried Jules. "Quick—some salt!"

and he directed Dashington to fly to the kitchen, which

that lively young man did, much to the horror of the girl who all this time had been in a state of mortal terror.

She had seen strange things since she had been in the sergeant's employ, but none so strange as the events of this evening.

Dashington got the salt and rushed back again. Jules had Calvin's head on his knee, while Flick was bathing his forehead with water. The flow once stopped by an application of salt, Calvin was lifted gently and carried to the sofa, a pillow being placed under his head.

As he lay there, with his dark eyes rolling about, he did not seem the demon that it had required five or six men to master without hurting him.

They had not hurt him, but the struggle had been too much for a frame undermined by a terrible life of dissipation. The cord had snapped.

All three watched him intently. It was something utterly unexpected, utterly unlooked-for, and as utterly unprovided for.

"We must take him to the hospital," said Flick, "the warrant will wait. I have sent a line to the station and can telegraph for an ambulance."

Calvin made a motion of dissent, and then feebly asked for water.

It was handed him. He drank a little and lay quite still, Jules' instructions being to talk as little as possible. While still in a quandary, Calvin beckoned to Jules. The diver bent low over him and heard these words:

"Tell my wife to come here; tell them all to come here."

"Why?"

"Do it while there's time."

Jules hesitated no longer, but did as he was bid. In a little while the parlor was filled again. Laura had been revived and stood leaning upon her sister. Lizzie Kelly and Alice were together. The rest made out the group that surrounded what was clearly a dying man. It was nearly midnight now, and something of the unavoidable impressiveness of that hour rested upon the scene. Outside the autumnal wind had begun to rise, mournfully suggesting, vaguely enough, but still suggesting, a requiem.

"Prop me up," said Calvin. It was done, quickly and gently.

"Now, Laura, come here," he said. "I want to take your hand in mine for the last time. There. Now tell these ladies and gentlemen of the bogus marriage, if you have never done so. I am too weak, and must reserve my strength for what I still have to say."

In a low, tremulous voice Laura described a marriage ceremony performed between Calvin and herself, he giving the name of Frothersham, which he averred was his true name. He afterwards told her that it was all a mockery and a delusion, and at a time when it was no longer a doubt as to the probability of her becoming a mother. This was shortly before the robbery and murder in the Benedict mansion, and if one could have probed the young girl's soul he would have found that a desire to have a true marriage performed, added to a blind love for Calvin, sealed her lips as to the truth and made her perjure herself at the coroner's inquest.

After she had ceased speaking Calvin said, in a voice strangely altered:

"Now hear me. The ceremony we have just gone through was a useless one. I only consented to it because you seemed to have me in your power, and I wanted to get away. The marriage that she has told you about was a legal one, and the name I gave was my own, the name of the family I have dishonored."

All started with amazement.

"I had my purpose in making her believe it bogus and she a ruined girl. But all purposes in this life are over for me now. I felt a presentiment of this terrible crime overtaking me. It has, but justice will not benefit by it. My wife,"—and again he took Laura's hand—"this second marriage is null and void; the papers you have of the other are genuine. You are Mrs. George Frothersham, who was never wanted by the police, and whose family is as proud and highly connected as any in Tennessee. Their name and mine had never passed my lips until that evening when I gave it to the minister whom I told you was a friend of mine disguised for the occasion. See! here is his card! You can verify it, and here are the papers showing that I am what I say I am."

He took from his breast-pocket a packet of papers, a glance at which proved conclusively the truth of his statement.

A thrill of rapture ran through Laura's being. She had not been deceived, and, whatever Calvin's faults, her child would not bear the name he had borne in his career of crime.

"One word more, Mrs. George Frothersham," he said somewhat proudly, as if the glamour of the family name lit up his last moments with ancestral splendor. "I am going to die. Repeat now what you said at the coroner's office. Say this, 'the father of my child did not kill my father.'"

The poor girl obeyed. "The father of my child did not kill my father."

God forgive them both. It was a lie, but it veiled forever in doubt that fearful deed, and in time even Jules began to doubt, and wonder whether the diamonds and papers found in the tenement house room occupied by Calvin, had not been brought there by the real assassin. But to the day of his death he could never bring himself to believe but what Calvin had had a hand in the business.

In a few moments Frothersham—for we shall call him so now in the few lines that yet remain to be written about him—tried to speak again, but the exertion was too much. Another hemorrhage, this time a perfect torrent of blood came spouting from his mouth. All was commotion again. The doctor that had been sent for at the first occurrence arrived in time to take charge of the fresh disaster. He worked quickly and dexterously and when the patient lay in a white-faced stupor, he said, "he will never come out of it;" and he never did.

Bars and bolts, irons and hand-cuffs, and the gallows-tree, were no longer objects of dread. He had been summoned to appear before the highest of all tribunals.

When Jules told Jacques that there was yet hope, he meant that the operation of the law in the case of Webster would naturally divorce Laura. The same situation of affairs had been obtained by different and totally unexpected means.

In a little while after Frothersham's death—he was buried by Jules—there were two marriages in the Benedict mansion, happily saved from the sheriff's hammer. Mrs. Laura Frothersham became Mrs. Jacques Ange.

Miss Flora Benedict became Mrs. Jules Ange.

Flick, Dashington, Mother Babbette, Mrs. Ange and Tupa Dick were there. It was Dick who superintended the collation.

All of the murdered gentleman's affairs were straightened up honorably, and by a little pressure in collecting outstanding debts, a balance was obtained in his favor. In the chest found in the sunken canal-boat were, as we have said, some unlocated land warrants issued after the war of 1812. Jules located them.

The house in Fifty-fourth street was sold at a handsome figure, and the one in Leroy street at a more modest sum.

To-day there are two pretty cabins, owned by two handsome herdsmen, in southern Kansas. In one Mr. and Mrs. Jules Ange live, and in the other Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Ange live. Children play about the front door of each and Tupa Dick is a mutual body servant, being loaned to and fro just as the one-mother-in-law of the two young wives pendulates between the two happiest homes in all Kansas.

THE END.

## GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM.

## The Ladies' Window in the New York Post-office, and Its Lovely Visitors.

## A MEETING WITH EMELINE.

## Very Singular Disappearance of Charley While there was Wine on the Table.

## "SAY—YOU'RE A CUSTOMER!"

BY PAUL PROWLER.

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

There are times and seasons in this sublimity sphere when the philosophical observer—and it is hardly necessary to observe that your friend P. P. is such—seriously considers whether it would not have been greatly to his advantage if he had been born a dog, and, possibly, drowned with the rest of the litter.

When a man arrives in that state in which he is constantly engaged in getting other people out of scrapes, and then extricating himself from the envolving difficulties which are occasioned by that sort of employment, it is time for him to pull up, take several severely good resolutions and inaugurate a new departure.

That is just what your friend P. P. has done.

I hereby and herewith renounce all responsibilities for Charley's future actions, and refuse to be in any way concerned in any of the endless complications in which he is sure to be involved.

That young man has brought me to the verge of the grave by his calm, unfeeling manner of plunging into the very midst of the most terrific entanglements and then coolly inviting me to extricate him.

When the wretched youth, whose name I need mention but a few times more, parted from me on the occasion of my introduction to his inamorata, he informed me, with a sly wink that was doubtless intended to mean volumes, that the fair one was in the habit of visiting the post-office, not the select one in Fourth street, but the general P. O., in the City Hall Park, every Wednesday, about two p.m., for the purpose of securing any letters that her numerous admirers might purchase address to that institution. He added that it would be an excellent opportunity for me to cultivate the acquaintance so auspiciously begun, and assured me that he wasn't a bit jealous or selfish about the matter, which, all things considered, and as the sequel will show, was very, very kind of him.

I dismissed the whole affair from my mind, however, and but for the mere chance that I happened to be wandering in the vicinity of the post-office about two p.m. on last Wednesday, should not have had tale to unfold which I am about to narrate.

The post-office is always a busy place. Early and late the corridors are crowded with hurrying people, apparently intent on doing the greatest number of things in the shortest possible time. There is a ceaseless fall of letters and papers in the multitudinous drops. The click of keys in the locks of the little brass-fronted boxes, is rhythmic in its continuance, and the ever-changing crowd at the stamp windows repeat with endless reiteration their demands for "two twos," "three and a two," "ten ones and fifteen threes," and other peculiar arithmetical combinations that keep the dispersers of the red, green, blue and yellow miniature portraits of the dead and gone great men of our Republic in a state of constant activity.

There is ample ground for reflection in the scene, and it is certainly a curious study to watch the faces of the people who open the little boxes and "run over" their mail.

Here comes a brisk, bright-looking boy, of perhaps seventeen, in the nattiest of spring suits, his scarf decorated with an immense golden horse-shoe, and a huge locket swinging on his double vest chain.

Although so young, the dark circles around his eyes, and certain tell-tale lines faintly drawn in a continuance as yet fresh and attractive, indicate that he has gotten fairly out of leading strings, and suggest unhappy possibilities for his future. He opens a letter-box with the quick action born of long experience, and taking from it a large pile of letters, glances hastily at the superscription of each. Four, yes, five, he puts carefully in an inner pocket of his vest, and with the others in his hand hastens away. If we were to follow him we should see him enter a great mercantile house but a few blocks distant and presently deliver to the cashier the letters carried in his hand. Of those securely hidden in his pocket he will say nothing.

They are perhaps his private correspondence. Perhaps.

But none the less, some day there will be a pitiful story in the daily press of opportunities squandered, of trust betrayed, of a wrecked and ruined life; and within brief space there will be, in a prison cell, in the coarse uniform of a convict, eating his heart out with bitter regret for the past that can never be recalled or atoned for, a youth whose portrait will be that of the boy we have just seen. Somewhere, too, there will be a doting mother with a broken heart, her once bright tresses, prematurely flicked with gray, praying for her hope and pride, now so lost and fallen.

It is not a pleasant picture, but its counterpart may be seen every day in the busy lobby of the great post-office.

Here on the Park Row side is a pleasanter scene. We are opposite the "ladies' window."

All day long, in one moving stream, a variegated assortment of femininity besieges the little opening at which stands the never weary and always courteous clerk.

They select the best-natured men in the post-office for the "ladies' window."

As we select a "coign of vantage" in an angle of the outer wall, from whence to observe the scene, there is the rustle, the *frou-frou* of dainty silk, and a sweet little creature, robed from crown to foot, from nodding ostrich plume to tiny *bottine*, in deepest black, steps up to the window. There is a suggestion of subdued grief about her manner, delicately qualified with an expression of perfect content with her somber, yet coquettish costume, that leads one irresistibly to the conclusion that although widowed, she is able to sustain the loss, and neither unwilling nor unlikely to again change her condition.

Ah! There is a letter for her, with a most portentous monogram in blue and gold on the back. She steps directly to our window, and tears it open with a graceful little wave of her undeniably small hand.

It is evidently good news, too, judging by the radiant smile that illuminates her face for an instant. We fancy the "dear departed" would hardly enjoy this little episode, were he permitted to return from "that bourne," etc., long enough to witness it.

But in looking at the pretty widow we have forgotten our purpose of studying the faces at the window.

It is not difficult to guess at the sort of news contained in any letter when you see the recipient open it, and the varying expressions of the thoughts within that are mirrored upon a hundred faces, are a study that is sometimes amusing and sometimes sad, yet always instructive.

But the saddest faces in the throng are those who are experiencing the heart-sickness that comes of hope deferred.

The disappointed ones, for whom the long-expected letter never comes. How many weary days must pass, perhaps, before they can hope to receive the longed-for missive.

There are silent tragedies enacted every day before the "general delivery" windows of the post-office, and still the ever shifting crowd surges to and fro, and the hurrying errand-boys whistle strains from "Pinafore" and the "Mulligan Guards," or pour forth more or less melodiously the famous "Post-Office Tune," a classic production long a vogue within the walls of the old post-office in Nassau street, and tolerably familiar to all habits of the new building.

I am free to confess that I can't stand for three or four mortal hours watching men put a safe in a second story window or letter a sign, but I can do more loafing about the "ladies' window" at the general post-office than a policeman does even, and that is certainly saying a good deal.

In the first place there is great mystery about it, a perfect romance.

Outside of the poor people who have no permanent address or who have just arrived in the city, did it ever strike you that it is a rather irregular thing for a lady to have her notes directed to her as Miss or Mrs. —, New York City, then be compelled to run her dainty finger over the printed list until she comes to the name; after which, in the sweetest of voices, to say, "Is there anything for me?"

Of course in many instances it is correct, but the Prowler families have always been cynics and stern moralists, and you can't get me to believe that its regular.

Its only one step from this practice to the private letter box system of which I have written.

Now look at that mere girl, city born and bred, you can tell it by the jaunty way in which she walks, what business has she asking for letters so vaguely addressed.

Great heavens! she gets two, and stops to talk to the clerk, before she trips away to a window to read. This then, is an old affair with her. And yet she is not more than seventeen. I wonder if her pa or her ma are aware of this clandestine correspondence.

I'll bet she's a Vassar girl. Terrible girls those. I've been told by fellows who heard it from other fellows that they keep brandy bottles in their dressing-cases and smoke cigars.

The woman there with the trailing yellow plume, is an actress. There is no letter for her and she is as mad as Mephistopheles. I don't blame actresses having their mail addressed to the post-office. In these precarious times they are apt to go in very heavily on imitating the leopard in changing their spots.

All day long the crush continues at this window, the women showing a strange disinclination to getting in line, and evincing a most determined and fiendish animosity toward each other. The clerk never falters in his suavity and politeness. He reaches up to the rack, shuffles the letters as if they were cards, throws out the desired one, makes the lady give her full name, and when satisfied delivers the letter. Some of these fair applicants for Bohemian letters that have no objective point, roll up to the stately building in carriages. There are insane women who come day after day for a letter that perhaps was never written. I know of one such case. When the old Nassau street post-office was removed it seemed to daze her more than ever. She could not be made to understand that the post-office had moved, and every morning aimlessly wanders about the scene of her long and fruitless search.

Possessed by thoughts and fancies like these, an hour or two speedily glides away; and it was with some surprise that, when roused from a fit of musing by a vigorous tap on the shoulder, I turned and found myself confronted by—Charley and the pretty woman, the fair Emeline.

I saw at a glance that that perfidious ruffian had, in the language of the period, "put up a job" on me.

It didn't need his inane chuckle of satisfaction to tell me that I was sold.

Under the circumstances I did the only thing proper on such occasions; I suggested a bottle of wine.

This proposition was accepted—by Charley—with enthusiasm, and we adjourned to the Astor House to get it.

While taking our wine and managing to eat a little salad, I grew more confidential with Emeline, and, always having an eye to business, determined to ask her what she knew about the ladies' window at the post-office, "for," said I, "you know something about post-offices?"

She blushed a little, and replied, "I confess I do. The general delivery is a very convenient place to receive letters from out of town, which are generally in answer to advertisements."

"What kind of advertisements?"

"All kinds."

"But then the letters ought to go to the offices of the various firms."

She laughed a silvery sort of laugh, and said:

"Oh, Mr. Prowler! and you a man about town! I mean shady advertisements. Sometimes a box is kept, but that is too public, and is only done when the mail becomes large."

"But, even admitting all this, it strikes me that the male delivery window would deliver answers on such business."

"And have women no business qualities?" she answered with mock seriousness.

Charley, who was getting rather full, leaned over the table at this point and said to me in a hoarse whisper: "Don't tell her about the Tombs," and then poured himself out another glass of wine.

From this point on, the pretty woman and I had quite an animated conversation about post-offices, female suffrage and kindred subjects. Neither of us saw the miserable Charley disappear. Just as she was in the midst of a sentence I noticed her cheeks blanch and her eyes quail, while her faltering voice trailed the sentence off in an almost inarticulate whisper. At the same time I knew that somebody had opened the gate leading to the North Pole, and that the breeze was blowing right toward me.

I never moved.

After a moment's silence, in which lumps seemed to come and go in the delicately curved throat, she beckoned to whomever she was looking at, and at the same time, while moving her chair to make room, whispered to me, lowly but distinctly, "Say you're a customer."

So I was a customer! Of what business? No time for conjecture.

In another moment I had been introduced to a man whose face I seemed to recognize, and yet it came and went like the rising and dying of a fire. A black moustache and keen black eyes that looked at me like a brace of poniards. Suddenly it flashed on me. It was the face lit up by the cigar.

"This gentleman is a customer," said the pretty woman.

"Ah, indeed," he answered, and a smile chased the cloud from his face.



## WATTINGS FROM THE WINGS.

Changes at the Different Houses.—"Snowball," Modjeska, "Colored Pinafore," and "The Saleslady."—Zulus.—The S. P. C. C.

Since last week there have been several important changes at the various houses, and business has been good. It does seem to be a settled fact that when everything seems hard and out of kilter the desire of the people to be amused remains as strong as ever. Not even the rain of last Monday night—and it is to be hoped all our readers in New York will remember that it did rain last Monday night—could keep the people away. Modjeska had a large audience at the Grand Opera House, Wallack's was jammed, the Sullivan Street Pinafore Company crowded the Globe, the Knights were well received at the Broadway, and the standing attractions kept on running quite as well as anything can run that stands. Almee sang *La Mergoline*. It is a pretty opera, but I am glad I haven't a daughter who understands French and has a leaning toward opera bouffe. It has certainly one of the warmest plots of any of the Parisian brood, and its prophetic is Almee. Bad luck she's had with her voice this season. Let us hope that she will improve now that she goes to the Park. Sick people generally do. Speaking of Wallack's, you should have seen the carriages that came up through the ground on Monday night just like mushrooms. I was there, but very luckily did not drive down in my four-in-hand, which is a habit of mine. But looking for my modest cab was like looking for—whatever it is you look for in a hay-stack. The carriages were four deep and, joined to those waiting upon the Union Square stretched clear down to Fourth Avenue, and so around the block. Crossing Broadway was an impossibility until the swells had rolled away. I couldn't find my trap—I suppose the base-born driver was tempted by gold—and so went home in a Boyton suit, which I always carry for that purpose. As to the "Snowball," it is a pretty amusing thing that won't take long to melt. Coghlan was immense in the comedietta *Delicate Ground*.

I think it was a decided mistake bringing Modjeska to so large a theatre as the Grand Opera House. She is pre-eminently suited for some boudoir place like the Lyceum or Fifth Avenue. Her quaintness of pronunciation is very charming when you are near enough to clearly catch what she says, but when removed by the possibilities of the Grand Opera House's vast auditorium, and then subjected to the inconvenience of a noisy gallery that can hear nothing at all, and is therefore bent on eating millions of bushels of pea-nuts and imitating the natural cry of the cat in distress, the result is not a dazzling success. Still she has been nobly successful as *Camille*, her acting being simply superb. Her death scene is incomparably the best of all of them. If Modjeska could speak English perfectly, I think Clara Morris would be ordered by her doctor to emigrate to Iceland, there to cool off, while Freddie went around looking for Harry Sergeant to hit him just twice for daring to introduce such an actress into the emotional arena of the east.

The colored "Pinafore" at the Globe, was immensely funny to me, and singularly enough it wasn't a bit funny to the gentlemen and ladies on the stage, who were of all colors, the average being that of a grand piano. They tried to act and sing with an impressive earnestness that showed their heart and soul and all of them, except their heels, were in their work. It was precisely like a funeral, but, as I have explained, was humorous in a negative sense. They were all pious—oh, my; yes. None but choirs sing in "Pinafore" now. The chorus was good, and *Little Buttercup* was very vivacious. The audience was entirely a white one, and I noticed many familiar faces. Now we want a Chinese "Pinafore" to wind up with.

When the Zulu warrior business was gotten up in Gilmore's Garden, it was certainly the last extreme to which managers could go in the merry chase after the numble sixpence. Such a cheap, thin, tawdry, transparent dodge could not be excelled. And yet even that was funny; to go there and see a lot of duck niggers from Thompson and Sullivan streets, masquerading as warriors of King Cetawayo. I would like to know who bought the bar privileges on that spec. The literary gentleman of the concern who makes out the streamers, "in a big round hand," proclaims these savages as veritable Zulus of the same breed as those which defeated Lord Chelmsford at a variety of places, including Ekowe. It was at Ekowe where General Pearson was surrounded by the spear-throwers whom Lord Chelmsford cut all to pieces. Still what is the use of grumbling. If New York city chooses to imagine the ladies and gentlemen Zulus, to the extent of fifty cents a head, that is the city's business. It only demonstrates how awfully bored we are and how dreadfully we want to be amused. I went into a side-show in the Bowery the other day and saw a Circassian girl that used to be employed in my family. She wasn't Circassian then. If my memory recalls the matter correctly, she was from the Isle upon whose neck Britain has her tyrannous heel of iron. (If that was in a play now at the Bowery, it would catch the gallery.)

Speaking of the Bowery, that play of Mr. John Alfred Mack's, "Adele, the Saleslady," is by no means bad. It's Adele better than I supposed it would be; in fact it's good. Always with this understanding—it is as good as it could be at the Bowery. The stage management on the first night was anything but creditable and, as usual, some of the people did not know their lines. I do not blame them. Were I a member of the Bowery stock company I would be a raving maniac in a week. A change of bill almost nightly, and sometimes two or three pieces a night, makes existence but a sorry jest. What time they find outside of playing, studying, eating and sleeping, is more than I can imagine. No, sir—no Bowery for me. When I do go on the stage, which is not at all unlikely, I want to strike a part in some play like "Our Boys," at the Vaudeville London, with a run of two or three years. I see "Our Girls" comes next. Quite right—"Our Girls" are always after "Our Boys."

Mr. Mack's play is of an emotional and sensational nature. It appeals to the shop-girls and people on that plane of life, and cannot fail to be a "go." The dry-goods store scene and the ball are very effective. He worked hard at it, personally superintending all details, and deserves success. It is not true, I am informed as I write, that the Bowery management intend getting a good stock company. It is believed that the "Windor" circulated the malicious report.

These are times when the S. P. C. C. is an ass. The desire to protect little children is one thing, and overdoing it is a trick mule of quite a different brand. Taking little All Right from the top of a pile of Japanese tubs balanced on the feet of a Japanese juggler is a proceeding which receives my support, and then again look at the vast help the society is to the poor children in the Five Points, huddling in filthy cellars and being beaten by drunken padrones. Such is the proper province of the S. P. C. C., and they can always command me to assist, if I've any cards to assist with. But it is quite a different thing to tell Mr. Wallack that he sha'n't give matinee recitals of

"Pinafore" with children. Mr. Wallack knows how to take care of children as well as an Alsatian *bonne*, and the idea of his treating them any way save in the very kindest is positively absurd. You might as well expect him to come out in a new society part without a new suit of clothes. His western trip is sure to be a series of successes at heavy figures, and it will probably be his last at this season of the year, any way. Mr. Wallack doesn't like to work when the blue waves beckon to the white-winged yachts that career over to hear what they say. No more does the

MARQUIS OF LORNGNETTE.

## Green-Room Gossip.

Eben Plympton has sailed for Europe.

Fred. Lester is now in San Francisco.

The season will wind up early this year.

Miss Sara Bernhardt is to become an art critic.

Tony Denier has been presented with a donkey.

Why is it Modjeska always has such poor support?

Marie Roze is winning golden opinions in the Golden State.

Jenny Lind and her daughter will probably visit this country.

The Academy of Music was conducted last year at a loss of \$3,875.51.

Mr. Ben A. Baker, one of our oldest dramatists, is ill of rheumatism.

Miss Neilson comes here October 6, to begin a farewell engagement.

"Fatinizza," at the Fifth Avenue, is a pretty trifle, and is going nicely.

Rose Lisle is said to have the quickest study of any lady in the profession.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Stevenson will probably summer in their yacht.

Mr. H. J. Sargeant will bring Boucicault out at the Grand Opera House.

Wilhelmj is going home. "What is the use of fiddling around here," he says.

Sara Jewett didn't do a thing this week in the advertising line. She must be ill.

Mr. Mack has had offers for his "Saleslady," both from Boston and Philadelphia.

Mr. Dion Boucicault and his "Shaughraun" are at the California Theatre, San Francisco.

Ch. Fritsch, the popular tenor, will summer with his family at Little Silver, Pleasure Bay.

Leadville, Col., already has two or three theatres—devoted to very high art, we should imagine.

Mr. James Francis Keegan has written a play called "Talon Rouge; or, The Mystery of Valtenilly."

Dan Hopkins says he will build the Twenty-fourth Street Theatre up if it takes two tiers of rock and rye.

It appears that a Philadelphia editor was so captivated with Maude Granger that she had to order him out of her room.

Miss Minnie Cummings has been under-studying Clara Morris out west, in case the great emotional should have a turn.

We are not to lose the Church Choir company. They come back to the Broadway after the engagement of the Knights.

How Clara Louise gushed over England when she left us. It remains to be seen whether England will gush over her.

A very attractive masquerade ball, tendered to the ladies of the ballet in the "Black Crook," came off at Irving Hall last Thursday night.

"Skvov Strol; or, The King of the Quarry Slaves," a powerful Russian drama, by C. Edmon Pillet, will shortly be produced at the Bowery Theatre.

Charley Burnham, manager of the Standard Theatre road company, was in town last week. They played "Almost a Life" in Williamsburgh. John A. Stevens follows this week.

All that ever was of Dan Bryant's minstrel hall in Twenty-third street is rapidly disappearing, and this summer the clink of the lager beer glasses will take the place of the rattle of the bones.

It is proposed to start a regularly equipped open-air theatre at Coney Island this summer. The model to be copied is the well-known one of the Champ's Elysee, in Paris. Olive Logan's "Surf" will be an appropriate drama to commence with.

Mr. Gemmill, of the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, came over to the initial performance of "Assommoir" at the Olympic. The piece is too long now, is terribly realistic, and, while being a temperance lecture, is an excessively horrible one.

At the conclusion of the performance of the "Passion Play," at the Grand Opera House, at San Francisco, recently, ten of the performers were arrested for violation of the ordinance against passion plays. They gave \$50 bail each. James O'Neil, who had already been arrested, was also released on bail.

The number of theatres in Europe is estimated at 1,542. Italy stands at the head of the list with 348; France comes next with 337. Germany has 191; Spain, 168; Austria, 152; England, 150; Russia, 44; Belgium, 34; Holland, 23; Switzerland, 20; Sweden, 10; Norway, 3; Portugal, 16; Denmark, 10; Greece, 4; Turkey, 4; Roumania, 9, and Servia, 1.

The well-dressed occupants of a private box at Niblo's Garden, on Wednesday evening, made a prominent display of their ingrained blackguardism, by addressing insults to the coryphees and ballet-girls in the "Black Crook," in a tone audible to the whole house. Their removal finally became necessary, and probably saved them from the results of the indignation they had excited.

Monterey has had a show. It was an unsatisfactory show, for the *Californian* says: "So far as we have been able to ascertain, the performance was not quite as nauseous as those who paid their money anticipated, and many there were who denounced the affair as a bilk. Some said: 'They did not dance the can-can.' Others said the last scene, with one or two jokes, was all that there was of vulgarity in the performance."

In a very sensible letter, written to the *Dramatic News*, a Texan says, apropos of the Currie-Porter case: "We have confidence in our own tribunals. We have our own courts and our own prosecuting officers. It is not necessary that your Astors should contribute \$500 to punish the man who deserves punishment. It is not necessary that you send your Roger A. Pryors to do what our own district attorney can do as well. Believe me, this bitterness is turning the public sympathy in favor of the very man who should have no sympathy at all. When our people feel that your rich men and your best lawyers are enlisted in the hounding of this man, who, whatever he may have done, still seems to us a Texan, you do the thing which is most apt to excite a sectional feeling, which may make it almost

impossible to get twelve men on a jury willing to give the murderer his just deserts.

Mr. Wallack will open under Mr. Haverly's management at the Grand Opera House, Cincinnati, May 5, for one week; St. Louis, May 12, for one week; and at Haverly's, Chicago, May 19, for two weeks. The company engaged by Mr. Haverly to support Mr. Wallack has been selected with the aid of W. R. Floyd, stage manager at Wallack's, and will comprise as its principal members Misses Rosa Rand and Laura Don, James M. Hardie and George Edson, from the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, and Madame Ponni and Mr. Shannon, of Wallack's. After finishing his two weeks in Chicago, Mr. Wallack will proceed at once, without any company, to the Pacific Slope, arriving in San Francisco in time to have a few days' rest before opening at the California, June 15. After a season of three weeks there, it is among the possibilities that he may play a week each in Virginia City and Salt Lake City on his way back, in which case he will not see New York again until late in August. Mr. Wallack will play in "Ours," "Rosendale," "My Awful Dad," and "A Scrap of Paper." He has also been urged to appear in San Francisco as *Don Felix* in "The Wonder."

The Brooklyn *Engle* publishes the following sensible communication sent to the Brooklyn Board of Aldermen: "GENTLEMEN—It has recently been published in the papers that the owners of the lots upon which the unfortunate Brooklyn Theatre stood have determined to erect another and a similar establishment thereupon, for the purpose of theatrical performances. The fearful scenes enacted but a short time ago upon the occasion of the terrible fire are yet fresh in the minds of our people, and will never be forgotten while the tears of the bereaved are still falling for the lost ones. To erect another theatre, then, upon this cursed ground would, in the minds of all Christians, be an insult and an act calling for the invocation of the Almighty. In behalf, therefore, of the good people of Brooklyn, we would call upon your Honorable Body to at least consider the propriety of purchasing outright this unfortunate ground, inclosing it with a proper iron fence, and erecting upon it some suitable monument to mark the location of a holocaust which palsied the whole world. In doing this we feel sure that your Honorable Body will conform to the desires of all thinking people in our city, and perhaps be the means of preventing a repetition of another and still greater calamity in the future. (Signed) A COMMITTEE OF LADIES."

## VICE'S VARIETIES.

CAPTAIN LINCOLN, of the Tenth Infantry, recently shot and mortally wounded a soldier of the Twenty-second Infantry, at Griffin, Texas. The soldier was drunk, and upon being ordered to the post turned and struck the officer in the face, who drew a pistol and shot him.

At Waterloo, Iowa, on the 29th ult., the coroner's jury in the case of Mrs. Deborah A. Simmons, mysteriously murdered in bed Sunday morning, 27th, rendered a verdict implicating the son George, and he is held to await the action of the grand jury. When arrested, he said, "Father, I am innocent of this thing."

It has been settled beyond a doubt that Ella Ryder, the young lady who was found bound hand and foot in the Missouri river on Sunday, the 20th ult., near Independence, Mo., an account of which, with illustration, is given on another page of this issue, was murdered by her father. There seems to be no doubt that he has killed himself also.

The child Mary Mercer, four years of age, who was shot in the abdomen on Thursday morning, 24th ult., in this city, by her drunken father, Daniel W. Mercer, died on the night of the 30th. Since his incarceration it is said that he has expressed great repentance for his unnatural conduct, which he attributes to emotional insanity while frenzied by liquor.

The house of Mr. Alex. McQuillan, on 137th street, near Alexander avenue, Mott Haven, N. Y., was entered by burglars early on the morning of the 24th ult. The thieves entered by breaking in the rear door of the house, and, without disturbing the family, removed clothes and jewelry to the amount of \$200. No clue has as yet been obtained to the robbery.

FRANK DEVLIN, the victim of the Phoenixville, Pa., tragedy, once promised the priest of his parish to abstain from the use of liquors of all kinds for a period of two years. He kept his promise. The time of the pledge expired on Saturday, 26th ult., which was also Frank's birthday. He went on a roaring celebration of both events, and was killed in the heat of it.

PORTIONS of Cincinnati are said to be so dangerous that even the police will not enter them late at night unless the lamps are all lighted. Rose Meyer died a few days since in a hospital there from having her throat cut ten weeks ago. She was seized at night by a large unknown negro, who dragged her into an alley, and upon her resisting, he cut her throat with a razor and fled.

THE dry-goods house of Granville Worrell, in the Masonic Temple building, at Wilmington, Del., was robbed of between two and three thousand dollars' worth of silks on the night of the 26th ult. The silks were in pieces of thirty and sixty yards each. Handkerchiefs, underwear and gloves were also taken. A reward of \$200 has been offered for the recovery of the goods and \$100 for the arrest of the thieves.

POLICE JUSTICE SMITH received a letter on the 30th, saying that Charles Fisher, son of ex-Judge Fisher, of Delaware, and now in the City Prison for passing a forged check at the Metropolitan Hotel, is an escaped lunatic from the Harrisburg, Pa., State Asylum. Fisher says that the statement in the letter is true, and that he is insane. He says also that he was once Assistant District Attorney in Washington, and that the duties of his office turned his head.

In Vicksburg, Miss., on the night of the 24th ult., J. T. Bridewell, county assessor, was shot three times, in the street, receiving wounds which will probably result fatally. Besides the shots that took effect six others were fired. Mr. Bridewell says he was shot by F. M. Andrews, a brother of W. H. Andrews, who was killed last month. The coroner's jury having been unable to decide who killed Andrews, trouble has since been expected between Andrews' brothers and all who were present when Andrews was killed, among them was Bridewell.

THE trial of Ephraim Snyder for the murder of Miss Christiana Harman, of Heidelberg township, York county, Pa., on December 9th, began at York on the 26th ult. Miss Harman was about thirty-five years of age, the daughter of an old man living on the Pigeon Hills, a wild, rugged place. She left home on the Saturday before the murder to purchase shoes in Hanover borough. On her return she stopped at Snyder's house, about three-quarters of a mile from her own home. On Sunday her dead body was found in the road. Her skull was fractured by the blow of a heavy club, her face was cut and one of her jaws broken. Snyder, who was known to be attentive to Miss Harman, was at once suspected and arrested.

At Frankfort, Ky., on the 29th ult., Judge McManama

ordered the trial of Thomas Buford, charged with killing Judge Elliott, continued until the third Monday of May. The cause of the postponement was inability of several witnesses to attend. There was no excitement whatever, although the court-room was densely packed. The prisoner appeared calm and downcast. The Hon. F. T. Hargis, elected to succeed Judge Elliott, resigned his position as Judge of the Eighth Kentucky Criminal Court. It is understood that Judge Curtis, of New York, will be the principal lawyer for the defense, while the Commonwealth's Attorney, Montfort, will be assisted by Colonel W. C. P. Breckenridge, of Lexington; C. J. Bronston, of Richmond, and General John Rodman, of Frankfort.

KENIA, O., was wild with excitement and indignation on the 26th, over the alleged seduction of a fourteen-year-old daughter of one of its most prominent citizens by J. H. Donaldson, of Baltimore, Md. Donaldson went there about three weeks since, accompanied by H. J. Parr, of Cleveland, and began the organization of singers for the purpose of rendering the cantata of "Belshazzar." A large chorus was formed of children, aged from ten to fifteen. One of these, a bright, beautiful girl, fell a victim to the damnable fiend. Donaldson made his escape, but was afterwards captured at Springfield, O. He confessed to a criminal meeting with the girl, and says it began over a year ago; that he is willing to do everything in his power to make the matter right, and professes a desire to marry his victim.

At York, Pa., on the 25th, George Einsig was convicted of murder in the first degree. Einsig cut his wife's throat on the night of January 2 last. He married his wife about eight years ago, and two years ago she left him because of his brutal treatment and made her home with her parents. The husband visited her on the afternoon of January 2, and in the evening he asked her whether she would live with him. She replied that she would provide he ceased drinking, when he cut her throat, causing death in a short time. He had previously made numerous threats that he would kill her because she left him. On the morning of the 27th ult., the town was horrified by the report that Einsig had committed suicide. Investigation showed that the wretched man had attempted to hang himself with a towel and piece of twine, and this not causing death soon enough he had cut his throat with a razor found near him, supposed to be the same one used in committing the crime for which he was condemned.

## ADVERTISING.

A FEW advertisements will be inserted on this page at 50c. per line, met, payable in advance, for each and every insertion. No electrotypes or advertisements of a questionable character accepted.

## AMUSEMENTS.

HARRY HILL'S Gentlemen's Sporting Theatre, Billiard Parlors and Shooting Gallery with Ball Room and Restaurant attached, No. 22, 24, 26, 28 and 32 Houston Street, and 147, 149 and 151 Crosby Street, N. Y. Open all the year round with the greatest Variety Show in the world. The most complete Vaudeville Theatre in the city. Grand Sporting Programme and the great Female Boxers every night. Grand Sacred Concert every Sunday night. Entire change and new faces every week.

CREMORNE GARDENS. Free to all. 104 West 32nd street, near Broadway. The largest hall, the finest music, the best attendance and the most beautiful women. Open every evening except Sunday. HUGHES & HURD, Proprietors.

## MEDICAL.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a receipt that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

DOCUTA Sandalwood Capsules.—The safest, speediest, most reliable cure for diseases of the Urinary Organs; fast superseding all other remedies. Beware of dangerous imitations, none genuine unless having "Docuta" on each box. DUNDAS DICK & CO., New York. Explatory circular mailed free on application. Sold at all Drug Stores.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

FULL Dress Gloves and Ties at MARK MAYER'S, 100 Fulton Street, New York.

SCARCE Books and Rare Photos. Sample, 9c. Catalogue, 3. D. P. ELLS & Co., Chicago, Ill.

SUFFERERS can learn something of great advantage by addressing I. H. FRANCIS, P. O. Box 1400, N. Y.

PHOTOS of Actresses, 6 for 25c. Comic Subjects, 3 for 25c. Catalogue of Photos and Books, 3c. F. D. TOSKY, 239 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

\$10 TO \$1,000 invested in Wall Street Stocks makes fortunes every month.—Book sent free explaining everything. Address BAXTER & Co Bankers 17 Wall Street, New York.

BENNETT BROS., Merchant Tailors, 269 and 271 Bowery New York. JACOB BENNETT, late of 56 Oliver Street, Ws. Buxton, late of 18 Clarkson Street. Contractors for Police Uniforms.

15 GILT-EDGE Visiting Cards sent by mail to any address on receipt of 25 cts.; or 25 Plain for 20 cts.; no amateur printing; every impression first-class. PRINTER, P. O. Box 40, New York City.

NEWSDEALERS, Canvassers and Subscription Agents, who have not already sent us their names and addresses, will confer a favor on themselves and the Publisher by forwarding the same at once.

LYNCH'S Diamond Store, 925 Broadway, near 21st Street. The largest and finest assortment of Diamond Ear-rings, Crosses, Studs, Rings, Pink Pearls, Cats' Eyes, Jewelry, Silverware, &c., at prices 25 per cent. lower than any other house.

GENUINE French Transparent Playing Cards, each of card contains a rich, rare and spicy scene visible only when held to the light. Warranted to suit. Full playing deck of 52 cards sent by mail for 50 cents, prepaid. J. PATRICK, Boston, Mass.

JUDGE for Yourself.—By sending 35 cents with age, height, color of eyes and hair you will receive by return mail a correct photograph of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P. O. Drawer 33 Fultonville, N. Y.

TYPE for sale cheap. About 800 lbs. Minion and 200 lbs. Agate, in cases and tied up; in good condition; proof will be sent on application; this is an excellent opportunity and a bargain. Apply to Foreman, NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE office, 2, 4 and 6 Reade st., New York.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed with neatness and dispatch, and forwarded without delay to any part of the country. Law cases printed on the shortest notice and proofs forwarded. Estimates given and first-class work guaranteed, on application to NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE Job Office, 2, 4 and 6 Reade st., New York.





TRAGIC RESULT OF THE SINGULAR AND ILL-ASSORTED INFATUATION OF MRS. STERLING, A ST. LOUIS LADY OF WEALTH AND POSITION, FOR A WANDERING VAGRANT, WHO REPAYS HER GENEROSITY WITH ABUSE AND HER ATTACHMENT BY A BRUTAL ATTEMPT TO MURDER HER.—See Page 8.



S. D. RICHARDS, THE RED-HANDED NEBRASKA MURDERER AND RUTHLESS SLAYER OF BABES, BROUGHT TO THE SCAFFOLD FOR HIS NUMBERLESS CRIMES, LOSES HIS BRAGGADOCIO AIR AND EXHIBITS THE INBORN POLTROON AND HYPOCRITE WHEN CONFRONTED BY DEATH, AT MINDEN, NEB.—See Page 8.